

JOURNEY TO EARTH'S DAWNING

P. Simpfendorfer





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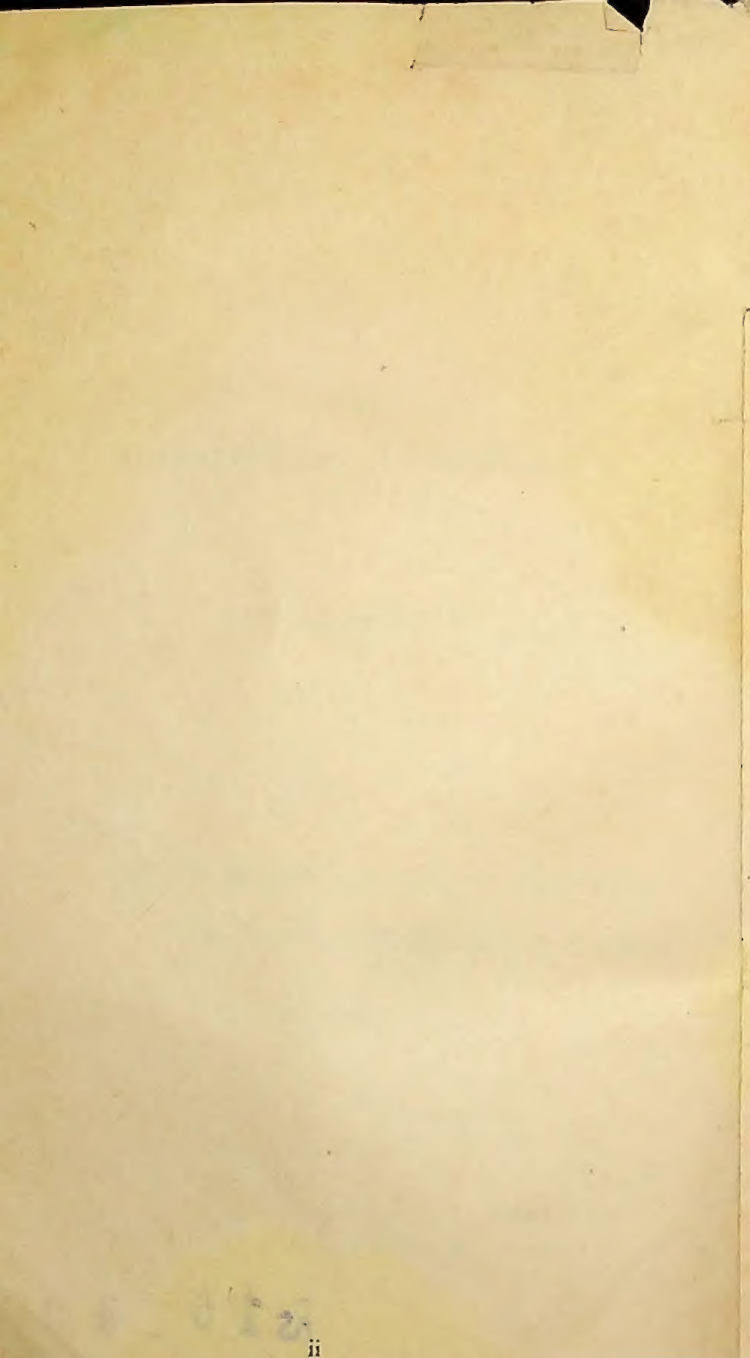
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Dedicated to Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji
and Khir Bhawani, Queen of Goddesses

INTRODUCTION

The pond at The Grotto is now filled with pure water from above. The trees are washed. Four seasons of drought have ended. During those four seasons "Journey to Earth's Dawning" was compiled. Except for two months in Kashmir, the writer lived not far from the shrine of Our Lady of the Way and often visited this place of natural and spiritual loveliness.

Everyone is on a journey. Everyone is going somewhere. Even those who resist all changes are being whirled through space simply by being in the world and carried onward by irreversible time. If we refuse to be mere victims of place and time we set out on an individual journey whose every forward movement is a step into seeming void. When Philip left his suburban home he passed through a doorway of rocks, trees, caves and sky that opened to some of Earth's mysteries. None of the experiences were really unique. Many had been that way before. The record of this part of the journey is in chapter one.

The main ideas in the second chapter appeared during the Winter of 1978-79 in Kashmir. They arrived as thoughts in meditation, and in some instances, it was only later that the writer found evidence to give validity to the ideas. Each insight came with clouds that darkened the Kashmir Valley, but once the thoughts were written down, the clouds dispersed and the sun shone once more. The long awaited rain and snow did not come until the day after the writer left Kashmir.

Information for the third chapter was gathered after the second was written.

Gratitude is expressed to kind friends in Australia, Bali and Kashmir, and to the saktis and bhairavas of the world. Thanks to the editor of Cosmos for allowing the reprinting of material from articles: In a Balinese Village, Vol.6, No. 6, Kashmir: Hub of the World, Vol. 7, No. 8, and Australian Sacred Sites, Vol. 8, No. 3.

The path from The Grotto is a series of ponds of muddy water now, but over the path branches of wattle blossom droop golden, still heavy with rain.

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Journey to Bhagawan Ji

TO A CAVE AND ROCKS AND TREES

Under a grey sky the river below wrinkled in the evening breeze. Brown rocks could be seen through the images on the water's surface. At times a swallow would skim above it, leaving little circles where it touched its own reflection.

A distant aeroplane droned into silence. A host of bird calls punctured the swishing of the wind in the leaves and at times a branch rubbed against a tree trunk making a sound like the opening of an ancient door. Occasionally came the hum of a passing bee.

Philip sat on a rock mottled grey with lichen. He could feel its pressure on the calf of his left leg. The rock was one of many that clung to the steep slope leading down to the river. Beneath him, rocks were strewn among fallen trees and a mass of trees and shrubs — mostly eucalyptus, acacia and she-oaks. Above him the rocks mounted up in three tiers and beside him was a shelter about 3 metres long, 2 metres high and one metre wide. He had flattened the base of the shelter and placed in it an air mattress and sleeping bag because it was to be his bedroom for the next four months.

Near the mouth of the shelter stood a rock sentinel like an animal crouching with head erect. Beneath an overhanging rock he had eaten a meal of cold meat, salad vegetables and fruit and drunk tea boiled on a gas heater. This kitchen-dining room had been gouged out thousands of years ago before the bed of the river had sunk to its present depths. It had left a table of rock and a hole where food could be stored. Beneath a rock resting half way down the river bank, he had hidden a case of clothing. His car was standing at the end of a bush track amid dumped car parts, old cans and bits of household rubbish.

Only one thing spoilt the scene — the smell of his own urine, for he had not gone far away enough from his shelter to relieve himself. He wanted to just look and listen to the abundance of natural forms around him. But his attention kept being drawn to seven planks in a row just above water level on the opposite

side of the river. They were obviously placed there by Western man in an earlier era. but for what reason?

And he wondered, "Why have I abandoned suburbia to make a home where the only human reminders are seven rotting planks at the water's edge?" Philip had not left society. He had still to drive daily to the town where he worked.

Suddenly an azure kingfisher glided above the scrub at the edge of the river. At the same time Philip saw an eel lazily swimming amid the rocks below the water. For a while he began to breathe deeply to heighten perception of the scene, but then he suddenly wearied and went to the shelter to get a folder of personal notes to investigate his question. Returning to the seat on the rock he read of the wart on his foot that neither medical nor spiritual therapies could remove, and how he limped through daily life in a darkness that was the shadow of non-being. Then he saw his confession of anger and despair,

"This fury swallowed me, my friend.

I seized a can of milk and smashed it hard against the TV screen.

I could have been a fiery whirlwind then,
destroying towns and nations

to let my cows graze again in peace

and let my children feel again warm udder milk.

Such fury it was because that mouth keeps pouring conflict in
our lounging minds and we do not know a unity with living
beasts and trees and grass and crawling things.

That fury was my last protest.

I will go now and spend my days among the rocks and ferns
and dream the dreams I harvest from the Earth".

That was five seasons earlier. In a nuclear family, in a brick veneer house in a suburb that appeared from a distance to be a lawn grass cemetery of mausoleums, he was like all the other residents in the locality. Yet he was different in two ways — he limped, and he had strange, unsuburban thoughts. With some embarrassment he read expressions of these thoughts because they seemed so artificial in a natural setting — "Every person IS the pure flowing forth of God, distorted by the contents of the mind (arising from conditioning and other psychic influences)" or "We live neither as body, mind nor spirit, but as a field of awareness and an aim of life should be to enlarge this field by merging with people, with the inner being, with Spirit and with Nature."

Even though he was enslaved in a world of mausoleums, there was some escape through doors opening within. In the world outside everything was planned to keep people away from their own depths so that conformity to dehumanised social norms would be easy. By daily meditation, he clung to a tiny core of quiet anarchy that refused to completely suffocate in the clean and ordered psychic pollution of the outer world. He read his Christmas thoughts.

"Once the sun smiled and trees and creatures spoke.
We were young then.
So many years have gone.
No longer angels sing.
No shepherds watch across the moon drenched hills.
At times we feel the sun through Skol soaked skins and stir at
times to sorrow for a tree's destruction.
but we have forgotten the time when all things lived.
So many years have gone
and now the neighbour's wireless sings
and streetlights pool their blue across our walls at night — so
sleepy still, but now the soft air soothes a waking age —
from space, from earth new visions break
of men at peace, of silent sages learning from the trees of
creatures free in love and children finding new and better
ways."

"In middle age Philip decided to forsake slavery. He said to his inner self, "I will walk wherever you want me to go." Within days the wart became a painless circle on his foot and he began to walk normally again. But for a person proud of his virtue, it was a walk into shame as repressed parts of his being became dominant and carried him into new regions of feared or despised experiences. Yet each step brought greater health and well-being. All sense of security left and he felt like a sodden leaf blown helplessly by varying winds on the surface of an ocean without a shore.

Philip read the notes in which he expressed his decision to leave suburban bondage. "The process of breaking through the limited ego starts with the thirst for a new freedom. I take this freedom now, and in this month of April I will return to rocks and trees and grass and the singing birds. I will discover my human nature. I will learn what it is to be whole. Human nature is not depraved by original sin. It is our rejection of our total being and basing life on the products of mind — conventions, ideals, ambitions, etc. — that causes trouble. Nature is God

flowing forth into appearance: human nature is God flowing forth into individual form. I see now that I must live in the bush, beginning with a minimum of possessions and attachments. I must push back the boundaries of fear. I must begin alone to live a life adjusted to Nature and not to Society. I see it now — I must discover my nature in the context of Nature.”

As he had given up what he knew and was learning to live by what he did not know, Philip decided to follow ignorance and find a place for himself. There was no asking of God or man for guidance. The place itself had to unfold. He set out. First he drove his car to the Bargo River, crossed a bridge that he had not crossed before, turned to a side road and then to a bush track. At the end of the track he saw a notice nailed to a tree among dumped household rubbish. The notice stated that the land belonged to the Crown, and was therefore not to be used as a dump. Contemplating the notice, he decided that a living lump of social refuse could perhaps find a home here. Leaving the car, he walked to the banks of the river and scrambled amid rocks and trees, seeking to recognise that atmosphere surrounding each little shelter or cave. The whole area felt good, but he was attracted to a great pile of rocks and then to a small shelter amid them. He recognised it as his new home. It blended perfectly with the natural scene. It was a part of it. This was so different from a farmhouse which stood in contrast to the environment and proclaimed, “I am here to master and exploit the earth.”

Now Philip had forsaken friends and family and the ideologies that had once given security.

At the time of sunset, Philip climbed up the slope. Cracking twigs and falling stones were loud beneath his feet. The wind had ceased and the day was drifting to silence. Looking up he saw a glider possum soar from the tall branch of a tree and lodge on the trunk of a tree. With a strange, convulsive walk it climbed upwards again. Soon he noticed other gliders black against the sky as they travelled toward the river.

During that night Philip slept only lightly. The sound of cracking sticks, thuddings and of cars rapidly accelerating woke him. He felt that during sleep he identified with animals in their watchfulness and alertness. There was one dream that drifted through his sleeping mind. He saw how his friends of the spiritual life were bound by the desire for money and approval of others. He was going away from them. His final journey had begun.

At the time Philip did not know that caves are places of burial and rebirth. They are wombs where a person can emerge as a child of Earth itself rather than a child of a woman. Nor had he read Carl Jung to learn that trees are symbols of the human soul and rocks symbols of the eternal life that abides at the core of self.

A few weeks later, Philip met new kinds of people in a dream. He recorded the dream without understanding its significance. When the dream image surfaced he was with an Indonesian man in a spacious house. One wall opened to a garden where tropical plants grew in profusion. An Indonesian woman came into the room and Philip stood up to meet her. She was introduced as the man's sister. Philip sat back on his cane chair and some monkeys came from the garden and sat on a table near the woman. A tiger entered and was patted by her. Some cats and then some pigs came and the room began to rapidly fill with animals. As if accompanying them, a man appeared out of the garden. Philip was startled to see him and he stared. The man was paler than an Indonesian and his features seemed Aryan. Although he had the same earthy harmony as the woman, there was a sort of intoxication about him as if he was a drunkard or a drug addict. "This is my brother from the mountains," the Indonesian man said. "He is a writer. My sister brings peace to animals and my brother does too, but he also records the thoughts of the mountain peaks."

Years later Philip understood that his dream was a distorted glimpse of his forward path as he left the realm of mortal men and entered the sphere of the god-like. The dream gave the information, but it was not coherent enough for him to understand at the time.

Sometimes powerful feelings would sweep over Philip. One time while sitting among the rocks and gazing at the stars, he had the sensation of being engulfed in a great, loving energy that seemed to fill all space. At a later time, resting in this warm, cosmic presence inside his shelter, he felt a circle of tense, electric energy hovering around, as if trying to capture him. The next morning he discovered a circle of clear ground in the bush — but from sticks and leaf litter on it, not from a recent UFO, but from an ancient aboriginal ceremonial ground.

During the four months he learned to live with fear. Because drunken groups of youths came to the riverside to celebrate, he feared that some of them might find him. Times of fear were

usually in a half-awake state. Sometimes irrational dreads lasted all night. When fully awake there was no fear.

There were some strange experiences. At times he would awaken to hear soft footsteps leaving the cave. When this happened he always felt drained of energy. On pondering on the matter, he decided that the visitor was not really harmful. Certainly it was drawing on Philip's body for energy, but it was not trying to possess him, and was perhaps leading him into greater unity with the immediate environment. Meditating later, he felt that he should make a cross of timber not found in the environment, write on it, "Jesus Christ is the Supreme Lord" and place it above his head. When he did this, the visits stopped.

If fear was greater than the walled security of suburbia, beauty was much greater. Mornings were times of delight, as shrubs blossomed on the perimeter of the dining room and robins came hopping around for breakfast.

His greatest experience was during one of the times of awareness of the all embracing cosmic love, and he felt woven by love into everything he could see or feel. Through this he realised that the reluctance of the enlightened to kill or destroy arose, not from an exaggerated humanism, but from a wish not to tear a seamless robe.

On the evening that he agreed to separate from his wife a storm rode across his environment. In a darkness torn apart by lightning and thunder, he sat at the mouth of his cave, watching the sudden appearances of the whole scene in full colour and form out of darkness. For a time only the storm existed. There was no Philip, only the play of vivid light, and roaring and downpouring rain. When he slept he had a strange dream in which a whole community of people lived among tall, white trunked trees. As Philip examined them, he felt the same peace coming both from people and trees.

"These people are like trees!"

"Look carefully" an old man replied, "and you'll see that the same life flows through them all. There is no binding of each other, no limiting of each other and they all have a calmness that makes them need no one, but fills all emptiness, binds all wounds, soothes all sorrow."

"How can a person join your community?" Philip asked.

"Remember four things — The right of everyone to search for their own meanings; the companionship of those making a

journey; the pausing to assist the needy; the understanding that everything comes with its opposite."

Philip awoke to find that his body had rolled off the air mattress. He returned to the mouth of the cave to think about the old man of dreams. It was not his first visit, and Philip wondered whether the old man actually lived somewhere on earth and created dreams in Philip's sleeping mind to give him directions in his lonely journey. Alternatively, the old guide was perhaps a fragment of Philip's consciousness, or perhaps a being in some real world outside the range of the five senses. Philip hoped that he was alive on earth, and therefore spoke of practical possibilities.

If the old man was not revealing some sort of heavenly state, he was saying that there was an alternative to a society based on work and institutional marriage. Work is a sort of union with the material world, and marriage is physical union. If there is freedom from attachment and materialism, there can be a union of souls and in this union the vegetative nature can be included. This could be paradise on earth.

"How did they solve the problems of sex, and child rearing and the getting of food and clothing?" Philip wanted to ask, but in the silence of the now starry night, there was no answer.

And the old man of dreams came no more.

For most of the following year Philip lived alone in a farmhouse on the distant plains. The pattern of learning begun in the cave continued. Surrounded by a flat horizon, almost daily he saw the sun sink into the ground. On a land with few features, he became aware of the sky and its drama of clouds and colour, its light and darkness, and its sun, moon and stars.

TO A POWER POINT

Philip was given a companion on the journey. The two of them wandered through parts of the natural world in the hills of Australia, trekked amid the mountains of New Zealand and stayed with the Cokorde (King) of Mengwi, Bali.

In August 1975 Philip and Jann set out to camp for a week at Kanangra Walls, a sandstone area of cliffs and bush clad hills. Jann set herself a task, "What I plan to do is to hold myself open — to seek in myself. I look for guidance in the companionship of the life all around me and within me. By resting, exercising and being in tune I will nurture the being within me."

A mystic once said, "God is always previous." It seems to be the same with a power point on earth. It goes out to meet the person who intends to be open to it. To most people it speaks in the language of dreams because, for the majority of people, it is only the sleeping mind that allows inward truths to be imprinted. That is why it is traditional throughout the world for people to sleep at shrines.

The night before arriving, the Walls gave Jann a dream. She was in a landscape without habitation or vegetation when she was jostled by a giant with an outcrop of rock on its head. There were large, unknown animals around. Jann asked one of them if there were humans about. The animal replied that there were none because all creatures were one, and each creature incorporated all aspects of nature — for that reason there was no division into vegetation, rocks, humans, birds, animals, insects and so on.

The Walls was revealing itself even before Jann arrived. It came clad in the character of the aboriginal dreaming — that mythical, yet ever present reality, that carried the origins of the Australian natural environment. Out of this dreaming the Walls formed as a site of conscious energy that was the basis of all manifestation of life in the locality.

But Jann's dream continued and either the Walls or some part of her consciousness unveiled a glimpse of a culminating future. Jann found herself in a place of narrow cobbled streets and tall houses rising from the edge of the pavement. Here a person (was it a man or a woman or both combined?) asked her whether she really understood the spirit of Bali. She saw the same streets again with her physical eyes when, 10 months later, she visited the old city of Srinagar, Kashmir.

Next day when Philip and Jann found their cave on cliffs near Kanangra Walls, they lit incense sticks and meditated in silence. During the imageless silence, it was impressed on Jann's mind that August 1976 would be a significant time of change for her.

Four years later she read through the diary of the stay at the Walls and saw the date, "August 1976". When she worked out what happened during that month, she discovered that she

visited Amarnath Cave, Kashmir, at that time. The Power was acknowledging again the hub of Earth Power.

The night was filled for Jann with painful memories and feelings from the past. At times there were pleasant tingling sensations through the whole body. A cleansing vibration was passing through her being and dislodging rubbish stored in her brain cells. During the second night the process accelerated to the extent that she was physically sick. Toward morning a realisation broke through — "To be attached is to be possessed". Mentally she let go of all attachments, and a restful sleep followed.

In the morning a short walk led to a pure stream flowing and leaping from one rocky pool to another. To Jann, the stream seemed to sing a song of freedom. She bathed in the icy waters. Soon afterwards rain began to fall.

Back in the cave, they saw the hills and valleys disappear, but the Walls remained — pale but clear. The cave itself was dry and wind-free. With the camp-fire smouldering, the wind above and the drops of water running off the leaves of trees, the cave was a haven, not only for the two of them, but for rock robins searching for crumbs and currawongs eager to investigate the food box.

In the next day's washing, Jann's body came alive. The skin thrilled, and a throbbing energy seemed to be in each cell. A long walk across the Walls and beyond them followed. A wind of great might blew constantly bringing stinging showers of rain and rainbows in the valley below and waterfalls that leapt into the sky. "After cleansing, the primal breath experience," commented Jann.

The new life was in the form of a baby in Jann's unconscious. New life starts within. A person feels that something strange is stirring and often it is a long time before the new life comes into consciousness and takes definite form. A dream of the infant came. In it the baby was large and healthy. A celebration was to be held, but the celebration was not to be organised according to convention. It had to arise from Jann's convictions.

Morning brought a new delight. Outside the cave a shrub stood like a chandelier, sparkling and glittering in the first rays of dawn. Water dripping from the cliff top and the frosty night created the ice covered plant. The sun shone from a clear sky. Little brown rock robins hopped in for their morning feed of crumbs, and so did a grey bird and currawongs. An eagle circled above.

In meditation, Philip received a fresh insight. He carried into the Silence a question, "What is the basis for a community of wholeness?" The reply that came was, "The whole Universe is made up of only two — the Cosmic Man and the Cosmic Bride, and every person loves the Cosmic Man. The Cosmic Man is seen in every man in the community, and the Cosmic Bride is seen in every woman. The community of the New Age frees women from the burden of soulless motherhood and allows her fulfilment through the maturing of the most glorious female archetype — the Cosmic Bride. In this way women too can shine in the vast, infinite happiness, for perfect joy reaches earth as love within the Cosmic Male-Female relationship."

Jann dreamed that there was a wedding, but the groom could not be found. First there came the eternal innocent child, but this was not the groom. He was followed by a youth cut off in the prime of life and passed unblemished through death, but this was not the groom. Suddenly there was a transformation. Everyone at the celebration was either a bride or a groom. The atmosphere was not dank with lust, but clean. Standing at the edge of the crowd were flower garlanded white horses, checking their power as they waited in perfect calm. As she awoke a sentence was in her mind, "There is a world-wide community of light."

Philip had not told Jann the content of his meditation before her dream. Perhaps the information had been conveyed directly from Philip's to Jann's mind, or perhaps they were both receiving the same impression from a Mind beyond them. There was only one thought, but clothed so differently in each person. Philip's was bland, an answer to a precise question, but Jann's was full of archetypal images of the Divine.

On the final afternoon of the camp, Philip and Jann walked to the top of Kanangra Walls. The wind had weakened and the rain had gone, even though on a distant pile of cloud, a fragment of rainbow rested. Jann found a throne among the wind sculptured rocks. Philip sat near a pool and his thoughts wandered beyond the previous day's meditation, "The aim of life is to be one with Infinite Bliss. In the world of the many bliss is sustained by the uniting of polar opposites. Each opposite has equal value. The community of both men and women that breaks away from merely human life must merge into Infinite Bliss through the Cosmic Man and Cosmic Bride."

During the quiet of the night, Jann saw again the Cokorde of Mengwi, Bali, dressed as a king. She was surprised to find that

he too carried an infant in his arms. He came close and whispered, "I too have a baby. There will be yet another child, and it will belong to all."

Would the same pattern of cleansing and insights have happened if the pair had remained for a week in a suburban house? If not, the Walls were somehow involved. It could have simply provided the energy and inspiration for the inward events. For an environment to be a power point, it must affect sensitive people in this way. In France, such places are called "hauts lieux" — high places — areas that uplift human consciousness.

The traditional view is that the site expresses a specific character and has certain information stored in it. The site is a power point because it is the outer form of a being that has both consciousness and energy.

In Australian aboriginal areas the sites are venerated and their consciousness and energy is used for the well being of the tribespeople and the environment. But the sites were unfenced and untouched. In Bali, the places of sacred earth are walled and called temples. There are no priests associated with the temples, although the temple caretakers have a hosting role for visiting Powers and people. In Kashmir, natural sites are still sacred, but there are priests that come between the people and the resident Power. For Moslems and Orthodox and Catholic Christians there are still sacred sites, marked by a grave, or a building, or in some instances, a natural feature. Protestantism and Materialism do not recognise such places.

Up until the Greek Golden Age, there seemed to be a world-wide interaction between humanity, sacred sites and spiritual forces. Greece itself was a network of natural places where various psychic energies could be met. A person could receive healing by sleeping at Epidaurus, get messages from the dead at Acheron, experience the divine marriage at the Argive Sanctuary at Hera, meet a host of spirit beings at Olympus, find a source of protection at Samothrace, oracles at Delphi, fertility at Brauron, mysteries at Eleusis and so on. Each place had an Energy with a specific character. One god might replace another, one group of people might replace another, but the role of the site remained fairly consistent. The needs of both body and soul were met through places on the Earth.

The Powers remain in the Earth. Men are creatures of Earth. Earth is their mother. Certainly they have the capacity to transcend creaturehood and attain universal consciousness, but

Earth is their home and they need to hear again, through its sacred places, the loving voice of the Earth.

To enter into the storehouse of a site like Kanangra Walls with a relaxed mind is to receive renewal of life as well as knowledge. Certainly the Walls spoke to Jann and Philip in enigmatic terms. It was pointing to something that was vague and clouded because, even if it was a present reality to the Power, it was outside Jann's and Ant's present. The Walls spoke kindly, and with the thoughts of each individual, for it seemed to know the limitation and pettiness of human consciousness. For example, it gave a picture of houses and streets and a time period because Jann had not heard of Srinagar or Amarnath Cave at that time. And it could give a phrase, "world-wide community of light", but it could not give the vast vision of human groups linked with the power points of the Earth, because such a vision would be incomprehensible.

That is why no two people hear the same words at a power point. The words that are spoken come through the inner being of the individual. That is why elders and priests and saints were associated with sacred sites — they could interpret and channel the Power.

WITH THE KINGS OF THE EARTH

In Bali, Philip and Jann met a man who had died in 1917. He was the grandfather of their friend, Tisna Mayun. He had been born about 1867 into the royal family of Mengwi.

Before Tisna Mayun took them to Grandfather's house, he said that they would see a Chinese type grave — that is, built above ground level. Inside the grave lay a still intact body or, at least, it had not decomposed when the grave was repaired in 1958. The grave had not been opened since that time. Grandfather was still alive because he still communicated with people through dreams and when they were quiet.

Before a small bridge, Tisna Mayun scooped water from a basin and rinsed his hands, face and mouth. On crossing the bridge to Grandfather's house, he shook off his thongs and Philip and Jann did the same.

On going through a doorway they entered a small room with a chair, table and offering plate. The most immediate impression was the perfumed air. In the next room was the grave and at the head of the grave, a photograph. Tisna Mayun invited them to examine the picture. It was of a man, perhaps in his late 30s, pale, with a slightly anxious expression. He looked more Aryan than Polynesian. On the wall hung a photograph of grandmother who had been cremated when she died. Beyond the grave was a bed. Obviously Grandfather was not adverse to Western furniture.

Feeling awkward in a new situation, Philip sat down on the floor. Jann sat down. Mayun sat down too and pressed his hands together in front of his face. And then they just sat. Soon Philip became aware that he was sitting in the presence of a power greater than anything he had met at a power point.

When the three were outside again, Philip had many questions to ask Tisna Mayun. "Why was his body not cremated?" Philip asked.

"He wanted to stay with us. When cremated, the body goes to fire. It goes to air because the smoke goes up. It goes to earth in the ashes and it goes to water because the ashes go to the sea. Grandfather will tell us when he wants to go. Then we will cremate him."

"We call them the four elements."

"In Bali we say there are five. There is ether. It is the air of the soul."

"Does Grandfather's presence still get energy from his body?"

"His body is still alive. A body is not just flesh and blood. It is the energy area that your consciousness uses. The death of flesh and blood does not have to mean the death of the body."

Through many questions Philip learned the story of grandfather. He was a young prince in 1891 when the neighbouring kingdoms of Badung and Tabanan attacked Mengwi. The excuse was that Mengwi was using too much water from a river that flowed from its territory into Badung. The king of Mengwi was killed, the palace destroyed and the temple of the kingdom, Taman Ayun, turned into rice fields. The princely survivors of the holocaust fled to Ubud. Grandfather went on to Boeuling in North Bali. When the Dutch conquered South Bali in 1904, Grandfather returned to Mengwi.

For a few years he was representative of the Mengwi dynasty. But only the village of Mengwi and a few neighbouring villages were returned to the kingdom and it was not made the

headquarters of an administrative district. The Dutch made him the first Balinese car owner by donating a vehicle to him, but, his desire to see the Mengwi kingdom restored, he realised, would not be satisfied by the Dutch.

Passing the kingdom to his young nephew, he looked for mastery in a different direction. He roamed from place to place, sleeping and meditating in temples and forests, keeping in touch with the people and drawing power from the sacred places.

His greatest battle was against a curse that had been placed on the kingdom five generations earlier. At the time of the curse, Mengwi ruled half of Bali and some of Java. In Java, many people had become Moslems. When the younger brother of the regent in Java turned to Islam, he was sent to Bali because he was considered dangerous. He had too much power. Believing that he was a threat, the reigning queen ordered her prime minister to kill him. When the younger brother was told that he was to die, he committed suicide, but not before he had cursed the Mengwi royal family.

A grave was built over the dead man's body, and a house over the grave where it stands near the sea at Seseh.

From that time, through invasions and rebellions, the territory of the Mengwi kingdom was reduced.

One of Tisna Mayun's grandfather's homes was near the Moslem's grave. It was here that he saw a great light across the sea a month before he died and he told his family the date of his death and supervised the building of a house for his body based on the design of the Moslem's house. As the last man of great power in Bali, he gave himself to be the counter-balancing force against the curse. The house for grandfather's body was, of course, in Mengwi.

At various times during their two month stay in Mengwi, Philip and Jann heard anecdotes about Grandfather. One time Philip asked Tisna Mayun about a lean old man who was fishing in the moat around Taman Ayun temple. Tisna Mayun said that the man had been Grandfather's driver when he travelled by 'chariot.' "Sometimes he drove across the fields and rivers. Across the top of water when my grandfather told him". Philip was sceptical. Tisna Mayun assured Philip that there were still old people alive in the village who saw Grandfather walking on the top of water. Philip pointed out that walking on water was one thing, but causing a vehicle and horses to be on the top of water was a different matter. Tisna Mayun went on to talk about Grandfather's ability to disappear in one place and appear

in another. Sometimes before he left, he would ask his servant to hold his sarong and the servant would go with him.

Grandfather had healing power. Following the 1917 earthquake, cholera became rampant and his mass healings at the village of Sempidi amazed the Dutch authorities. In his healing work he sometimes used a leaf and sometimes his hands. Sometimes he would just tell a sick person what his fate would be.

Although he did not bathe twice a day like other Balinese, his body gave out a sweet smell. He stopped eating more than token amounts of food, and ate nothing at all during the last months of his physical life.

Philip and Jann stayed at the puri of the Cokorde Gde Oka of Mengwi. Puri means palace, and Cokorde, the title of royalty, means simply "Feet". It seemed a lowly title for such a gracious and kingly man, but perhaps it meant that he was like the feet of God resting on earth, because, traditionally, the king was responsible for both the physical and spiritual well-being of the people and the environment.

That was why the royal temple of Taman Ayun was a psychic map of the power points of the kingdom. Each power point was represented by a multiple roofed tower called a meru. The main one was for Mt Agung, the highest mountain in Bali. Its eleven tiers represented the eight directions, up, down and centre — the totality of outer and inner space. This meant that the Power of Mt Agung filled all space, for the mountain was linked to the original home of the gods in the Himalayan Mountains, India. It was not in the kingdom of Mengwi, but it was the binding force that held Bali together, and Mengwi was a part of that unity.

Other merus represented the dominant natural features in the Mengwi kingdom, or regions of landscape that held special power. They expressed the total environment of the place — the mountains and lakes which were the source of fertility and water for crops, the slopes and plains where people lived and the ocean and underground that gladly accepted the refuse of the more elevated areas. Smaller than the merus, but more substantial, stood the padme for the Sun, with merus and pavillions surrounding it.

The temple contained a structure for the royal family and one for the Batu clan. The story is that, when the founder of the Mengwi kingdom was carving out territory for his dynasty, he sometimes fought in single combat. One such fight was against Pasek Badak, a noted warrior who, on finding that he was beaten, agreed to yield to death if he was given a place in the

royal temple. In return, he agreed to give his spirit to impregnate 40 followers of the king. This was agreed and 40 men were chosen to form the Batu clan.

Like other temples in Bali, Taman Ayun was not a structure but a walled area of ground. The buildings were not sacred — the land itself was sacred. It is probable that even walls did not fit the original concept because, when primitive king barongs visited Mengwi, they refused to go through temple doorways and climbed walls to reach temple courtyards.

Every 210 days, the gods of the power points were invited to come to Taman Ayun to lodge for four days in their merus, to be fed, entertained and receive the adoration of family groups of villagers and to hear their requests.

Philip and Jann were able to witness the six days of preparation and four days of festival. During the first three days the preparations mainly centred around the boiling, pounding and making of rice cakes in a profusion of semi animal, human, natural and divine forms. On day four was the meeting of village headmen and the organisers of the festival. The following days saw the creation of decorations and the placing of flags and umbrellas on tall bamboo poles.

At midnight that started day 7, a pig was slaughtered. Thirty five ducks and ten fowls were killed and from the meat 3000 sates were made. 400 duck eggs, 600 coconuts and 600 kgs of sticky rice were used for offerings and to feed the 50 workers for the week of preparation, and a host of helpers during four days of festival.

The 7th day of preparation was the first day of the festival. As the day begun showery, the temple keeper and his assistants carefully kept smouldering an offering for prevention of rain. It was successful. No rain fell. Water was collected from the spring at Pura Purna while the gods were invited to come to their merus. After the ceremony for their welcome and washing, they were invited to their feast by a group of singers. Before they ate, however, the earthy spirits were fed with offerings of rice and meat. After the gods had consumed the essence of the offerings, the temple keepers and helpers ate the offerings — the gods' food for important people, the elementals' food for ordinary workers.

After lunch unbelievably beautiful columns of women came along the road and through the garden of the temple to the area of the merus. The perfumed air was alive with music of the

orchestras. Each woman carried a tower of colourful offerings on her head. Each column represented a village in the district.

Following this, groups of people began to come to bring offerings to the god at the Mt Agung meru or other merus or paibons (sheds) of their choice. This continued during the rest of the festival. The gods were to be satisfied by the beautiful offerings of mainly fruit and rice cakes, but on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th day, in the outer part of the temple area, the evil spirits and gamblers were being satisfied by the battle and slaughter of fighting cocks.

Although the processions, and the nightly dramatic performances were the most spectacular parts of the festival, the significance lay in the relationship of people to the spiritual geography and history of the area. Everyone went to the meru of Mt Agung, Batu clan members went also to the meru of Pasek Badak, others went to the paibon for the Mengwi dynasty, Brahman caste to the padmasana for the teacher Wau Rauhu. The meru for the god of prosperity was sometimes visited and worship at other places was rare.

When Philip asked Tisna Mayun if there were places of power in Mengwi, he said that there were three — all springs. The first was a spring across the road from Taman Ayun temple. It was a common washing place for women (in daytime) and men (at night) because of its health-giving qualities. The Brahman priestess from the neighbouring village bathed there three times a day.

The second place was about 500 metres off the Denpasar-Mengwi road. A small temple was built above a walled section where water gushed from stone mouths. Within the temple was a small padma which marked the origin of the spring. This was a place for cleansing both for people and divine beings — gods, ancestors and barons. "Gods, like people, need to wash," Tisna Mayun said.

The third place was a favourite one for Philip and Jann. It was along a path beside the elementary school. The path led to a grassy area where a small temple stood. Beyond the temple and down some steps grew a banyan tree whose roots protected on three sides a spring of clear water. In the centre of the pool stood a padma around which fish swam lazily.

Tisna Mayun said that the spring started when the great teacher of Hinduism, Wau Rauhu came there to teach about 1500 A.D.

Pandit Nehru called Bali, "the morning of the world." Jann and Philip found in Mengwi, a pattern of life open to the power points in its locality. They felt that this was the secret of the creative beauty and the caring for each other that was typical of the life style of the village. They discovered, for the first time also, the presence of a man who drew on this energy to do mighty works. Were these two features characteristic of the world when it was young and fresh? After these decades of the triumph of materialism, could another dawn break on the world, bringing a renewed reverence for the Earth and a utilization of its places of power?

SEARCHING FOR SIVA

After Philip had met Jann he asked his inner silence what was the significance of their meeting. In meditation a picture came of two people standing on a beach at the edge of an ocean. Looking at them he saw that they were Jann and Philip, both very old. "Well Chook," Philip was saying, "This is the journey's end. Has it been worth the trouble?"

"Maggot, you have crawled until now. Now you can fly," replied Jann.

"Upwards, for you have released Siva and Sakti from the Earth," a third voice said and ended the vision.

At the time the statement seemed without sense. Philip knew that Siva and Sakti were Hindu gods. He also knew that some Spiritualists had a ministry of freeing earth-bound spirits, but for anyone to have a vocation of liberating a Hindu god seemed unrealistic. Later, he realised that the vocation of releasing Siva and Sakti from the earth was the ultimate vocation of every being, for Siva as Universal Consciousness expresses himself as everything that is, and everything that is, is a form of Sakti, Energy. So every person who frees himself, frees Siva.

After the vision, Philip began the search for Siva by looking in a dictionary of religions. He discovered the profile of an enigmatic and contradictory god. He was the "Blessed One" and

a great giver of blessing, but he was identified with Rudra, "The Terrible". This identification stripped him of his monotheistic characteristics and placed him as the third god in the Hindu trimurti. Brahma was number one, the Creator, Vishnu was number two, the Sustainer and that left number three to be the Destroyer. But the Destroyer was really the Creator, for he was the embodiment of the eternally reproductive power of Nature. His symbol is a black stone shaped like a penis. It is called a linga. Sometimes it is stuck in a yoni, which is a divine way of saying "vagina". According to legend he literally spent ages in motionless sexual intercourse with his consort, Parvati, in the Himalayan mountains.

By contrast, he was Mahayoga, a gaunt figure, covered in ashes with matted hair hanging across his body. He sat and gazed into space and taught by example how to mortify the flesh, burn up passion and rise to highest knowledge. He was Pasupati, lord of animals. Then he was black and dressed in animal skins. As Bhutesvara, he was lord of spirits and demons. Wearing a necklace of human skulls, he haunted graveyards and burning ghats.

He was also a family-man god. He was married to Parvati and one of their children was Ganesha, the elephant-headed god. Nandi the bull was his companion.

Yet, for all this, he really does nothing. It is his sakti (power or energy) that does everything. The power is female and, although usually Siva's spouse, is sometimes half his body. His sakti is variously Kali, the Mother, the conqueror of time, Yoni, the reproducer, Uma, the perfection of female loveliness, Durga, the blood drinking demon and Parvati, the glory of mountain power.

He was Nataraj, the Lord of the Dance, whose five movements were the creation, maintenance and destruction of the Universe, the revealing and hiding of himself. Nataraj belonged more to the South of India than to the North. Aryan polytheism did not make such a strong impact in the South.

Obviously Siva endured the excessive burden of mythology and personification better than his Middle East and European contemporaries, who have long since faded as real beings. He was older than them, as there is evidence that he was known in the ancient Indus Valley civilisation, and his resistance to idolatry in earlier milleniums, would indicate that he was happy to be still recognised in the ordinary features of sky and earth, as he had probably been before the growth of cities in the world. Why should the Infinite Consciousness of the Sky in union with

Energies of the Earth need any sort of image or mythology? Its presence can be felt everywhere.

Before going to Bali, Philip had read that Siva was the god of the majority of Brahma priests. He had read in Frederick's "Civilisation and Culture of Bali" (1849) about the way that priests surrendered to the god, "Siva, as it were, enters into him: this manifests itself as convulsions of the body which grow more and more severe and then gradually cease."

He had read some of the magnificent Balinese hymns. Various hymns returned to the one theme. It was the identification of everything with Siva.

"The world, including movable and immovable beings, beginning with Brahma and ending with a tuft of grass, that all is Siva's body."

He was the enjoyer and the enjoyed, the slave, sacrifice, teacher, pupil, gods, planets, directions, time, death, emotion and the totality of deities, elements of reality and Nature. There was nothing that was not Siva. Certainly he was not limited by his appearance as everything. He still transcended the Universe and everything in it.

A magnificent hymn to Siva summed up his character better than dictionaries of religion:

Reverence to Siva, giver of power and long life.

As victor over death, he saves from disease and calamity.

He shines with the moon's glory.

His sound is h'reem and his presence is found in the waters of life.

With four arms and three eyes, he girdles himself with a snake.

Reverence him, who gives happiness and causes renewal of life.

Like a jewel he rises from the white lotus and gods and demons worship him.

In his anger he has the power of death and his appearance is awful.

But for those who take refuge in their devotion to him, he grants their wishes.

They find him through great praise.

They gain endless peace and safety wherever they go because he is everywhere and always present, unbound by the world yet living in everything.

To those who are devoted to him he gives deliverance.

Reverence to Siva who, clothed as a king
destroys all spiritual evil and stands as victor over death.
He is lord of the primeval sound and in him the world finds
release.

When Philip told his friend, Tisna Mayun of his interest in Siva, he said he would show Philip some of his temples. As Philip had read that there were no Siva temples in Bali, he was sceptical. But he walked with Tisna Mayun to the west side of the village of Mengwi.

As Philip walked past the outside wall of a temple he felt apprehension. Beside the gateway was printed "Pura Dalem", indicating that it was the temple usually built at graveyards in Bali. Like all temples in Bali it consisted of various structures in open courtyards. Going into the inner yard, Philip was immediately aware of an inward heat, an unpleasant sensation like continuous mild electric shock.

From under a white cloth on the left a pair of long breasts hung. The statue was obviously a guard for another cloth hidden figure in a little building. As Philip reached out to lift the cloth, Tisna Mayun took his arm saying, "Very dangerous". He told Philip that the statues were covered to keep their magic to themselves and not harm people.

Further on in the temple, on the right, was the house where Barong lived. It was a lion Barong, an expression of the power of untamed nature. But they did not go to Barong's house, but turned to the left and sat on the floor of an open pavilion opposite another small house whose interior was hidden by a bamboo curtain. Tisna Mayun had the typical gracious courtesy of the satria caste, and having noticed that Philip liked to meditate at all sacred places, gestured to Philip as if to say, "Go ahead." No sooner had he become receptive than his whole body was penetrated by fire. Every part of him burnt with an unpleasant electrical heat.

It was a relief to see the temple keeper come in and sit beside Tisna Mayun. He was good looking and relaxed. Tisna Mayun told the keeper about Philip, whose awkward comment about the temple being very hot caused long laughter. Some of the ritual related to the burial of corpses and their later real or symbolic cremation was explained. Yet nothing was mentioned of the magic that villagers claimed was greatly used at the temple. After giving the customary donation for temple maintenance, they left.

"Why is pura dalem a Siva temple and not pura desa and pura puseh?" Phillip asked.

"Pura dalem is the cemetery temple in the West. This is the place for Durga and she belongs to Siva."

"Pura desa," Tisna Mayun continued, "means temple for the village." Associated with the pura desa is a governing body of villagers who represent the smaller village units, the bandjars. Mengwi had eleven bandjars, ranging from 25 to 90 families each. These mutual aid groups are the basis of communal life in Bali.

"Pura puseh, in the east, is for the ancestors and the lords of the soil." In Mengwi, these three temples were close to each other toward the south end of the town.

"I will take you to another Siva temple," Tisna Mayun said. "It's very strong too." They walked over a bridge that spanned a canal in which men and women washed in two groups, about 50 metres apart. The track went through a grassy graveyard — the flat part for the sudra caste and the higher part for the satrias — past the mound where cremations were held and beside a few constructed tombs where Chinese had been buried. "They used to supply the old kings with opium," Tisna Mayun commented. Then they went on through the rice fields.

They eventually reached a small temple near the inevitable banyan tree. Going through the gateway, Philip looked out through the temple to the declining sun that was already draining blue from the sky and sinking toward the distant mountains. As they sat on the lawn of the temple, birds flew in on to the shrines to watch them. Did people feed birds here? The atmosphere was not quite tranquil, but strong, as if filled with the essence of the rice fields. In a way it was nothing much, because it held no contrast with the environment.

Quickly the sun sank behind the clouds above the mountains, and the clicking of geckos could be heard. Birds lingered to become silhouettes against the sky. Philip recalled part of another hymn to Siva.

"Thou art earth, water fire and wind
Thou art the sky, the supreme, the void
The divisible and indivisible."

This, Philip thought, was the real secret of Bali's beauty. Not only the gods, but the earth with its multitude of creatures, was divine. And the little temple was a recognition of this fact.

One day while Philip sat in the courtyard of Cokorde's puri, he relaxed in unity with the plants and carved sandstone. In the languid heat, he watched Cokorde speaking with a group of villagers. He could not understand the words, but their body language expressed affection and respect. "If such beauty of relationship can typify a caste social structure, what should a free society under Siva be like?" Philip wondered. Such a society, he thought, would value creative power and originality and inventiveness. It would recognise one Consciousness as the essence of everything. Each form of life would be expected to live from its own nature and mature into full consciousness. The energy to tread this journey would come from the power points of the Earth, and through people who had absorbed this power.

Thinking of the state of the world, Philip considered the future. As the world wide mass indoctrination to materialism and superficial experience increased, children of light would gather in groups and yield themselves to the benevolent peace that flowed from power points. Their consciousness would grow beyond attachment and mature into the great archetype of cosmic man and bride. If their light could save the world from its blanket of deepening darkness, that would be good; if not, the children of light would rise in clouds of energy to the level where their consciousness already was.

Yet the search for Siva was not complete. Philip and Jann had heard of Siva's Cave in the mountains of Kashmir, and once again, following ignorance, they set out. Amarnath Cave was three walking days away from the village of Pahalgam. In it Siva had told Parvati details of how to live in this current age. The travel brochure stated that evidence indicated that the Cave had been a place of pilgrimage for at least 4000 years.

The Cave itself was a huge, rectangular mouth in the side of an immense patterned wall of sedimentary rock. Stairs led up to the final metres of the cave and along the stairs sat a host of begging sadhus. Inside the cave was a stalagmite of ice about 2½ metres tall. It was inside a low fence with flowers, money and other offerings spread around it. Smaller stalagmites were nearby.

On the walk to Amarnath Cave, Philip and Jann had asked other pilgrims what to do in the cave. "You make a request," they were told. They wanted to know about the ritual, because the place was said to be also a temple. "Just do what you want to do." They wondered whether there were priests. "Of course."

They were curious to know what Indians did. "You just do what you want to do."

In the cave they sat on a rock ledge to watch what other visitors might do. Before any fresh visitors came, one of a group of men came from the other side of the cave and beckoned them to come closer to the stalagmite. He dabbed a red mark on their foreheads, tied a red string around their wrists and gave them a lump of sugar and a couple of nuts. Confused by the attention of the priest, they waited until he gestured for them to go. They threw a donation toward the stalagmite and stood.

While Jann waited, she felt that powerful eyes searched into the depths of herself. The illuminating eyes seemed to consume the reality of what she had previously considered to be her real being. She was not able to ask anything.

Philip too stood in a state of paralysis wondering what to request. At last he began to think, "I can only ask that I continue to be guided and protected". While the thought was still forming, a voice broke in, "Don't you trust me?" He glanced at Jann. There was no sign that she had heard a voice. Tears overflowed from his eyes. The voice had come from outside him, but where? From fear that he would really break down and disgrace himself in front of the priests, Philip wiped his eyes and turned to go. As he went out from the temple area, a young man stood in front of him. "Would you give a donation please?" he asked.

Raw emotions quickly change. Philip was angry. "You saw how much I already gave."

"That was for the Trust. This is for the priests." Philip pulled a couple of rupees from his pocket and thrust them at the young man.

Only about five minutes were spent in Amarnath Cave. It was therefore 1/10,800 part of a five month journey of exploration to places of power and sacred sites in South East Asia and Europe. Yet it was the pivot of all that went before and came afterwards. It was perhaps the one moment of real madness — because the insane hear voices and find eyes staring through them. It was, in fact, too much to stomach easily — both of them were sick the night after visiting Amarnath Cave.

FINDING A BHAGAWAN

From the picture on the front of the book, Philip could not tell whether it was about a holy man or not. His eyes did not stare to give the impression of spiritual power. He was not sitting in lotus position to appear serene. In fact, under a long cloak one knee was at chest height. He did not appear mad to give the hint that he was the custodian of superhuman knowledge. The face seemed quite ordinary. By his dress he was Kashmiri, and the title of the book, printed red on black, stated that the man came from Kashmir. "Bhagawan Gopinath Ji of Kashmir by S.N. Fotedar," it read.

Philip was searching for a book to give him information on Siva of Kashmir. Hearing a voice in his cave needed investigating and where better to search than among the Saivite authors of the locality. But not a single book of this sort could Philip find in Srinagar. He flicked through the pages of the book on Bhagawan Gopinath Ji and saw references to Kashmir Saivism. That was something. He paid five rupees and the book was his.

Even when Philip read the book, no particular impact was made. He had read about saints before. Certainly, if someone had told Philip that the Kashmiri was the most spiritually advanced man of the century, Philip would not have disagreed. But he would have added, "He's dead." He would have agreed that his consciousness had reached the highest. As the model of journey to the pinnacle of awareness, Philip accepted the stages as listed in the Hymn to Indra.

"It is known that the senses are high
but the mind stands above the senses,
the ego above the mind
and the universal consciousness above the ego.
The unmanifest is above the universal consciousness
and the Man is above the unmanifest
and someone higher than the Man
who would be above him, does not exist."

Philip would have said that Gopi Nath Ji was Man.

This would explain why he was so ordinary looking and so free of pretence, yet capable of mighty works of power. For a Man, every level of consciousness was equally valid, and every human need from the healing of a sore throat to the salvation of a homeland, equally worthy of attention.

In fact, it seemed that Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji started where most saints left off. He had no need for food or behaviour

inhibitions, he had no need to gather a following or propagate a teaching and he had no need for rituals or religion. He was content to live a commonplace life as a sort of bachelor uncle, and exercise a spiritual power unequalled since the time of Jesus Christ. In his commonplace grandeur, he resembled the Kashmir Saivism that Swami Ramdas mentioned in his book, "In the Vision of God" which was about his wanderings as a sadhu in India. He wrote that it was claimed that where Western philosophy finished, Indian began and where Indian left off, Kashmir Saivite philosophy began.

What interested Philip most about the book was the address of the Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji Trust on the inside page, because it might be a source of books on Kashmir Saivism. Back in Australia, he wrote to the address and made his request. About six weeks later a parcel arrived.

By reading the books he realised that the Kashmir Valley was dotted with power points. Although the places of energy were personified to some extent, they remained centres of conscious light-energy that saints knew how to tap for supernatural purposes. The energy was all pervading, but concentrated in certain places. It was of a special kind. Philip thrilled at the definition of this energy when he read the opening sentence of "Spanda Nirnaya", a thesis written a thousand years ago. It began. "Sankara's Spanda Energy out of Her own nature portrays on the background of Her pure self, the totality of categories, as a mirror does the city, from the earth up to Siva, which totality is one in substance with Her own self." Here was Sakti (Energy) at its most sublime — the creative source and being of all. It was God's energy, reflecting God's oneness as a countless multitude, but all one essence.

But what was Spanda? It was a sort of vibration, but not limited to vibration. It was a vibration-like activity of consciousness. Philip felt that he had discovered the secret of Bhagawan Ji's power. Not only did he spend much of his time at the power points in Kashmir, but by, "emitting impulses" from various parts of his own energy source, his body, he joined himself to God's vibratory conscious power.

Philip decided to return to Kashmir in January. On the way he went for a three week walk around the Annapurna Range in Nepal. While tramping across the snow at about 12,000 feet, he was captured by movement in his body. This made his walking unsteady. He was next aware that everything seemed alive — the scrub, the rocks, the mountains and even the sound of his

footsteps on the snow. Then he realised that his centre of consciousness was not vaguely somewhere in his body, but was above his head. The experience passed, but returned a couple of weeks later in Kashmir.

The snow covered valley of Kashmir was even more beautiful than its soft Summer loveliness. Philip did not want to stay on a houseboat, so he booked in at the Government Tourist Centre and decided to search for a cheap hotel that had not closed for Winter. In the street a young man offered a houseboat. Philip told him that he wanted to stay on land. "I've just the place for you!". So Philip stayed on a small block of land in a tiny house in Dal Lake. The place was called "Silent Island." Next day three men in a flat bottom boat came to visit him. They were Pran Nath Koul, Mohan Tiku and Turki Ji, all key members of the Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji Trust. They invited him to the evening service at their Ashram. Travelling by taxi to the old city, they walked through a narrow street, along a lane to a little shed where they washed hands, up stairs where they left shoes and into a room. About a third of the room was taken up with a life sized statue of Bhagawan Ji and relics. The men knelt down before the statue.

Philip sat on a cushion and rested his back on the wall. He was given a blanket to wrap around him and a firepot to keep him warm. Soon the service began and Philip closed his eyes to enjoy the music and singing. After about half an hour he felt his consciousness centre at the top of his head and he enjoyed the illumined peace of this state until the service ended.

During the following days Philip tried to meet some of the specialists in Kashmir Saivism. He had no success — they had all left the chill world of Kashmiri Winter. What he wanted to find out about was "The Seed" which had kept forcing itself into his meditations and dreams while in Australia and Nepal. He had been told to find the Seed. He wanted to ask a specialist where to search. But the last morning of his stay in Kashmir came, and he had not been able to ask the question. While he waited for breakfast, he meditated to keep warm. He thought, "Bhagawan Ji, where can I find the Seed?" No reply came, but his consciousness was lifted above his head.

Later in the morning, Philip made his final visit to the Ashram. Prannath Koul and Mohan Tiku gave him a picture of Bhagawan Ji in a gold coloured frame. He was reluctant to take it. They told him that Bhagawan Ji was alive. Philip replied that he might be, but he personally had no evidence to convince him.

"Why don't you ask him a question?" Mohan Tiku suggested.

"I did. This morning. But he did not reply," Philip responded. They wanted to know the details of the morning's experience.

"He did reply!" Mohan Tiku exclaimed. "The Seed is above the top of the head. Bhagawan Ji gave you the perfect answer."

Philip felt happier. "What you need is a teacher who will help you in your development. What better guide could there be than Bhagawan Ji now that you are learning to communicate with him," Pran Ji said.

Philip agreed. The idea seemed a good one. He had been thinking that his trip to Kashmir had not been wasted because he had met a group of wonderful generous people, but he felt now that he had gained something more.

In returning to Australia, two nights were spent in Delhi. During both nights Philip experienced a sort of conversation he had not known before. In the early hours of the morning he awoke, and lying back relaxed, his consciousness rose to the region above his head. He did not hear a voice as in Amarnath Cave, but he was aware of a Man above him using his brain to form sentences and to reply to his questions.

The first comment was blunt. "Return to Australia. Nothing will be gained by going to Poona." While in Kashmir, Philip had written to an ashram in Poona, saying that he intended to call.

Philip asked, "What authority do you have to give directions?"

The answer was loving. "There are guides for those who have clambered out of material bondage. Have you not heard of the guides of humanity? In every land we seek people who will stand like unmovable rocks against the dark ocean of destruction. We would like ashrams linked with places of power and linked throughout the world.

"Are you Bhagawan Ji?"

"Will you make limitations? If not, that is true."

"Do you have a religion? What are your religious beliefs?"

"We guided when there was no system of religion. We do not interfere with religions. We want the well being of the world. If men make patterns of belief, it is their concern. Our guidance is to make circles of light and love for the well being of the world. Will the present pattern of human life go on? But the circles remain."

"The problem for me is still your identity. I am in unfamiliar territory."

"How do you define the limitless? It is sufficient to say, we were not born God. We are men, human men, who know all levels of consciousness."

Philip began to ask questions about himself. When the conversation ended, Philip's consciousness lowered into his body and he slept peacefully. In the morning Philip wrote down the conversation, full of joy that he had, at last, met a Bhagawan, a glorious lord of creation. Then he wrote a letter to Poona to say that he was not going there and made arrangements to fly back to Australia the next day.

During the last night in India, Philip's consciousness was again raised above his head. Most of the comments were of a practical and personal sort. Philip was instructed to meditate with Jann daily. He was told that she would quickly experience the "above the head" meditation. And it only took a couple of days for this process to begin. It began with the top of her head becoming hot during meditation, and then there was the entry into the region above.

Philip was told that if Bhagawan Ji had anything to say, he would speak directly in the uplifted consciousness. He was not to follow dreams. This was timely advice, because at various times dream visitors would come claiming to carry messages from Bhagawan Ji.

"You must retain an awareness of the place that is within you but above. From this place of unity, light can shine over the Earth, and Earth can realise its divinity and its multitude of creatures be saved," Bhagawan Ji said. He told Philip to respect his body and provide it with exercise, both of a natural and spiritual sort. Vibration and spiralling were given examples of spiritual exercise.

Philip felt contented with his Bhagawan. It was an unequal relationship, reminding him of an anecdote recorded in S.N. Fotedar's book. One time Bhagawan Ji was asked if saints should render assistance to people in spiritual and temporal spheres, "Did not such help exhaust the spiritual treasures acquired by saints after great penance and sacrifice?" Bhagawan Ji replied, "A man with a muscular and bulky body can swim easily across a river. Can a small insect like an ant do it without help? It has to be helped."

Exploring a Bhagawan

BIRTH OF A MAN

There is no duality. The timeless world and the world of change is one. The unchanging Absolute takes form, shines as a vision in the inner world of men, appears as flesh, becomes absorbed in imageless light, radiates as luminosity at a natural site, disperses as the consciousness of a multitude of beings, appears in human form, becomes a great force in the realm of cause and draws the awareness of thousands of people upward into bliss and fulfilment. . . and at no time is different from the Infinite. This could be one small section of the path of the Divine. To track even one path of the dancing feet of the Absolute is beyond the capacity of men to articulate, but it is impossible to comprehend the infinitude of paths as the One assumes every form.

In this great churning of varied form and formlessness, light shines forth in places of the earth, perhaps for many thousands of years in the one place. The concentration of such sites is probably greater in Kashmir than in any other part of the world. Early writings portray it as being pre-eminently a region of holy sites. This part of the Himalayan mountains is no more sacred than the suffocating areas of Calcutta, and parts of it are probably no less polluted, but it would seem that cosmic currents of consciousness and power are collected and stored in this water-rich valley, and the experience of the Unlimited is easier to gain. That is why Buddha is reported in "Samyuktavasta" to have said that Kashmir was the best place for meditation and leading a religious life, and why it is considered the homeland of two great religions — Mahayana Buddhism and Saivism. Moghuls called Kashmir, paradise. Some people find it easy to believe that both Moses and Jesus Christ chose the valley for their final resting place.

In a swampy region a few kilometres from the junction of Kashmir's two main rivers is the shrine of Khir Bhawani. The power at the spring had come from Sri Lanka during an earlier age. She was considered the all powerful primeval energy of creation and she had come to Kashmir in search of a new centre

for her outflow of vitality. She settled amid the swamps at Talamulla.

During centuries of oppression, knowledge of the exact location of the site was lost, but was rediscovered when more peaceful conditions returned. She is usually called either "Khir Bhawani" (Milk Goddess) or "Ragyna" (Queen of the Goddesses).

Once, at a gathering to venerate the goddess, the following verse was found on a piece of birch bark:

"I reverence the one goddess
who, having taken the position of the Supreme God
Is the Queen in reality.
Her form is made of light, adorned with the lustre of twelve
suns,
but she cannot be observed through the senses.
She is seated on a throne and enwrapped with serpents."

What is the nature of this light being? She accepts vegetarian food and abhors meat. Her preference is for milk products. She is repelled by impure conduct. There are many anecdotes of trouble arising through neglect of her sensitivity. It reflects the psychic state of Kashmir for its usually soft coloured water turns black when the state is threatened by calamity. It communicates with attuned individuals.

Vivekananda talked with it.

Vivekananda was the most famous disciple of the great saint, Ramakrishna who explored many levels of consciousness and experienced the essence of major religions. Aubrey Menen in "The Mystics" wrote of Ramakrishna that he changed history. A new impulse for unity began with him. After his death, Vivekananda attended a world congress of religions in United States of America where he had a great influence. Vivekananda proclaimed "practical vedanta" — vedanta being the dominant philosophy in North India. One of the tenets of non-dualistic vedanta is that the world of appearance is illusion. This view contrasts with the belief associated with devotion to Khir Bhawani that the world, as an embodiment of all powerful creative energies, is to be loved and cherished.

In 1898 Vivekananda travelled to Kashmir. He visited sacred sites and spent some days at the shrine of Khir Bhawani. Here he worshipped a child as the Divine Virgin and "looked into the face of death". The dark side of the world overshadowed him. He was disturbed that the sacred site of the Queen of the Goddesses had been smashed up by aggressive Moslems. "Why

did not the Hindus protect the site from Mohamedan invaders?" he wondered. The Power said to him, "Even if unbelievers should enter my temples and defile my images, what is that to you? Do you protect me or do I protect you?" Whatever limitations of cunning that goddesses suffer in comparison with men, they are more conscious, more powerful and closer to the centre of creation.

A generation earlier a man from Srinagar was also rebuked by the goddess. Like most Indians he wanted a child in his family. Having become desperate, he adopted an infant. At the shrine he heard in himself an extraordinary message. The goddess herself intended to be born into his family! She was not pleased with the man's impatience.

Pregnancy arising after visiting sites of cosmic energy is common throughout the world. For such light beings to appear as a human consciousness is not common. When a goddess lives through a human cycle, she does not disappear from her site. Consciousness is not limited like human bodies.

So when the man, Prasad Joo Parimoo saw the goddess and heard her speak, he did not assume that the site would become empty of power, but that the same power would also animate an infant who was to be born. Prasad was looked on, by other people, as a mystic and saint. When a daughter was born to his wife some months later, she was called Hara Mali and was looked on as an embodiment of the goddess of the spring, Khir Bhawani. The infant grew and eventually married. Like her, the husband was a saintly and unselfish person. She had five children.

In 1898 the family lived in Srinagar, capital of Kashmir. On June 22nd Vivekananda reached Srinagar. A few days later an observable change began in him, so that he searched for solitude and became preoccupied with death and the liberation beyond it. Yet he was only 35 years old. He made statements like, "It is a sin even to think of the body." "It is wrong to manifest power." On 3rd July he had an American flag made and probably wrote the poem, "to the Fourth of July" which his biographers called, "a passionate utterance of his own longing for the final freedom of the Infinite." On the third of July Hara Mali gave birth to her second son, Gopi Nath.

An infant carries in itself its future development. Its genetic structure is there to define physical and mental development. The origins of consciousness is more debatable — past incarnations, psychic inheritance from parents and other persons or beings,

the position in time and place arising from astral and earth influences, direct supernatural infusion, could contribute. In the light of Gopi Nath's fully matured consciousness during middle and later life, the question can be asked, "Did his power come to him potentially at birth, or did it arrive from outside him at a later stage?"

We know that Vivekananda had carried a power which he himself had not developed. Back in 1886, 3 or 4 days before he died, Ramakrishna passed on his power to Vivekananda. It went into the young man like a mild electric current, causing him to lose outer consciousness. When Vivekananda awoke, Ramakrishna, in tears, said to him, "Today I have given you my all and have become a fakir. By the force of the power transmitted by me, great things will be done by you. Only after that will you go to whence you came." The power of the mighty works of Vivekananda was really Ramakrishna's.

Yet, after a week in Kashmir, Vivekananda was like a man empty of power. In fact, death should have terminated his bodily existence on August 2nd at Amarnath Cave. Ramakrishna had prophesied, "When he realises who and what he is, he will no longer remain in the body." Vivekananda had believed from childhood that death would come to him in a Siva temple in the mountains. But in the moment of ultimate self-knowledge in the cave, a new element entered. The god of the cave, Amarnath (Lord of Immortality) granted him the grace not to die until he himself should choose to do so. Vivekananda lived for another 4 years, because that was his desire, not because his destiny and body willed it. During those 4 years a doctor said to him, "Swami Ji, it was almost death. Your heart ought naturally to have stopped beating. It has undergone a permanent enlargement instead."

Before he left Kashmir, the extent of his powerlessness was vividly realised when, contrary to his own intention, he obeyed the curse of a Moslem fakir. He had been a light of inspiration to truth seekers in the West, and an awakening power in the Hindu world, but the depth of the loss of force was indicated by his thought, "What good is Sri Ramakrishna to me? What good are all these realisations and preaching of vedanta and the omnipotence of the soul within, when I myself cannot save myself from the diabolical powers of a black magician."

What had happened to the power that Ramakrishna had passed to Vivekananda? Philip wrote a letter to the editor of "Prabuddha Bharata" to find out what members of the Ramakrishna Order

thought. "There is no record about Vivekananda's passing on the power that he had received from Sri Ramakrishna to anyone. According to some of our elders, Sri Ramakrishna withdrew the power from Vivekananda after the latter's first visit to America" (The journey to Kashmir came between the first and second visit to America.) "Be that as it may, our monastic tradition holds that the power of Sri Ramakrishna and Vivekananda is still working in our order in various ways, especially through the line of Gurus in a kind of apostolic succession." There is no doubt that great power continues to work through the Ramakrishna Order as it serves God and mankind in an utterly selfless way in many parts of the world.

The question still remains, "Did the liberated Ramakrishna in the celestial realm take power from the still earth-bound Vivekananda while he was in Kashmir and pass it to the infant Gopi Nath?" There can be no proof. Perhaps the question should be, "Is there evidence to indicate that the life patterns of Gopi Nath were a continuation of the life patterns of Ramakrishna?" This question, does not imply that Gopi Nath was the reincarnation of Ramakrishna, for neither men were imprisoned by the cycles of birth and death. Both have clearly demonstrated that they did not perish into the mindless tumult of karma, but remained fully conscious after they died. Neither does the question suggest that the power of Sri Ramakrishna is not working in the Ramakrishna Order. Power is universal and is always waiting to be seized by any person.

The relationship between the three becomes even more interesting when we lift our gaze beyond earth. It is possible for anyone to make a journey beyond earth by locking up the senses and turning away from the outside world. There are definite milestones on the way. After meeting our sexual and creative nature, we discover, in the shadows, the repressed parts of our personal consciousness. Through the doorway of a woman-form in men (or a man-form in women) we find ourselves in a world of deceased souls, powerful conscious beings, whirlpools of energy, regions of fire and overwhelming light. Carl Jung has thoroughly explored this sphere for Western travellers. In India, it is the realm of gods and goddesses, of heavens and hells. Kashmir Saivism describes this stage of consciousness as the "dream" stage.

Beyond this world is an imageless void. The sages of Vedanta and Buddhism discovered a universe of limitless peace. But unlike the gods who could bring people to their heaven, the

sages could only point the way between opposites to a tranquil emptiness that transcended all heavens. To enter this world was liberation, and learning rather than sacrifices and worship was the way. Kashmir Saivism described this as "dreamless sleep", for its calmness and imagelessness resembled deepest sleep.

Beyond is a region of Pure Being that is the Source of the Universe. It is an ocean of luminous tranquility, but not of blankness for there is both form and movements within the ocean and images from it are reflected on earth. It is a place where there is Subject only — no objects. It is perhaps like a perfectly blue but endless sky in which white clouds might seem to appear for a time and then disappear without trace into the blue again. The whole realm is a unity. It is the substance which earth reflects as in a mirror. It is more than a region of cause, it is Cause itself. When Stephen, the Christian martyr, was stoned he looked up into this region and saw Jesus at the right hand of God.

Ramakrishna viewed this region too. This is what he reported ("The Life of Swami Vivekananda" by His Eastern and Western Disciples) "One day I found that my mind was soaring into Samadhi along a luminous path. It soon transcended the stellar universe and entered the subtler region of ideas. As it ascended higher and higher I found on both sides of the way ideal forms of gods and goddesses. The mind then reached the outer limits of that region where a luminous barrier separated the sphere of relative existence from that of the Absolute. Crossing that barrier the mind entered the transcendental realm where no corporeal being was visible. Even the gods dared not peep into the sublime realm, but had to be content to keep their seats far below. The next moment I found seven venerable sages seated there in samadhi. It occurred to me that these sages must have surpassed not only men, but even the gods in knowledge and holiness, in renunciation and love. Lost in admiration I was reflecting on their greatness when I saw a portion of that undifferentiated luminous region condense into the form of a divine child. The child came to one of the sages, tenderly clasped his neck with lovely little arms and addressing him in a sweet voice attempted to drag him down from the state of Samadhi. The magic touch roused the sage from his superconscious state, and he fixed his unmoving, half opened gaze upon that wonderful child. His beaming countenance showed that the child must have been the treasure of his heart. In great joy the strange child said to him, 'I am going down. You must go with me.' The sage remained mute, but his tender look expressed his

assent. As he kept gazing on the child, he was again immersed in Samadhi. I was surprised to find that a fragment of his body and mind was descending to earth in the form of an effulgent light. No sooner had I seen Naren (Vivekananda) than I recognised him to be that sage."

Ramakrishna identified himself with the child. Obviously the seven sages were just beyond the "dreamless sleep realm" but firmly grounded in the Creator's realm. The seven venerable sages called the Sapta Rishi are mirrored on earth as a cluster of rocks on the hillside of Hari Parvat, Srinagar, Kashmir.

To people who knew the mature Gopi Nath, the description of the sage would seem like a description of him. In his life time, Gopi Nath made no claim that he was a divine incarnation. Neither did he say that he was one of the invisible guides of humanity. At one time he did send a friend to convey his greetings to the cluster of rocks called Sapta Rishis on the hillside of Hari Parvat, but he gave no reason for his action. Only after his death did he reveal to some people that he was a guide of humanity.

Visions are not objective evidence. But if we assume that they express reality, we see in the realm of cause a child who appears as Ramakrishna, a sage who appears as Vivekananda and either the same sage, or another sage appearing as Gopi Nath. If Gopi Nath is one of the seven sages and his mother the sustaining energy of earth and he inherits the most illumined consciousness of the 19th Century, we would expect a rare combination of the commonplace and incomprehensible. Is this the case?

FINDING A PLACE IN PHILOSOPHY

One of the most comprehensive philosophies in the world is Kashmir Saivism. Although based on ancient Saivite wisdom, it was formulated by seers who had experienced every level of consciousness. These sages lived between the 8th and 11th centuries and stood as an affirmation of a positive and all embracing view of reality.

The first exponent of the philosophy was a mystic named Vasugupta who did not receive it from a human teacher. One tradition states that he was given it in a dream by Siva. The

other tradition states that he found it from Earth — he first saw it in the form of a sutra on a rock on Maha Deva, a mountain that looms above Srinagar, Kashmir. He was directed to the rock by the Great God (Maha Deva) who visited him in a dream. Vasugupta's pupil wrote commentaries on the original revelation and the knowledge of the philosophy spread. It was a period of glory and prosperity for Kashmir and the shining monism of the philosophy seemed to reflect the beauty and unity of the lovely valley.

In the philosophy, the totality of all is called Parama Siva, the Absolute Benevolence. There is nothing that is not the Absolute. The universe is within it, yet it is within a grain of sand. It sleeps in the stones, wakes in the plants, moves in the animals and has self consciousness in people. In some philosophical systems, nothing can be said of the Absolute, but in Kashmir Saivism everything can be said of it, for everything has the voice of the Absolute in the sleeping, waking, dreaming or transcendent states. Of course no words or images can define or articulate its infinitude.

Highest human consciousness can only begin to comprehend the Absolute when there appears differentiation in it. In the timeless and spaceless realm, more hidden from human sense than the subatomic world, is the Absolute as Siva-Sakti. Although without any sort of manifestation, there is a duality that becomes consciousness and energy (power) when recognised in more limited terms. It is not that the duality can be separated any more than can the sun and its light. Everything consists of Siva-Sakti in various proportions and various degrees.

Because the Kashmir Saivite seers experienced the highest levels of consciousness, they recognised various degrees of limitation in the comprehension of Siva-Sakti. In the free and unlimited unity, resting in its immeasurable bliss, there was discovered the stirring of a will to emerge into a multitude. The first hint of any sort of limitation came when the Totality was seen as a Creative Power who had a feeling of itself in the mirror of itself as an infinitude of beings and non-beings. Yet on this level of consciousness, there was no otherness — all remained One.

There are few masters in this sphere. Access to this realm of power and unity is available to all, for it is in this that we live and move and have our being and is, in fact, the reality and totality of our individual being. If few people are aware of it, the reason is that there is Maya, the power of otherness in which we

see objects. In some Indian systems this level is called illusion, and the whole objective universe is considered to be unreal. Kashmir Saivism recognises that this separation is a part of the Divine play where the Absolute can cognize itself, as it were, outside itself. But the Absolute-outside-itself suffers ignorance of its infinitude, and for this reason we see the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms a prey to illusion, struggling against itself and subject to futility. Through this ignorance mankind has limited creativity and knowledge and, being attached to sense objects, lives its individual lives limited to a set time and a single presence in space. The true nature of the individual is obscured and he finds a difference between good and evil and between himself and his environment. Yet even in this "normal" state of awareness there is a vibration that is none other than the movement within the Absolute. It is this movement that "began" the process leading to creation and it is through this movement that human consciousness can travel beyond all limitations to recognise that its awareness is the awareness of the Absolute.

After Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji died on 28th May, 1968, a group of people led by Sri S.N. Fotedar began to work for the formation of an ashram in his name. Money was needed, so a pamphlet was written about Bhagawan Ji. In the pamphlet were the words, "Being a saint who gained mastery over the tattvas, who could not only see through the past, the future and the present, but by offering great penance without regard to the welfare of his physical body, opposed the malignant forces disrupting the country. His method consisted in emitting vibration from various organs of the body — in tune with the universal cosmic vibration." This was the first written summary of the life of Bhagawan Ji, and as such, it is worth looking at closely.

He had mastery over tattvas. But what is a tattva? English has no single word to express it, although it is sometimes translated as "element". It is the essential reality of a thing — its very being. It is thought that Bhagawan Ji gained mastery over the fire tattva at some period prior to 1947. His concentrated blowing on coals for hours on end was probably the outward sign of the inward journey to mastery.

However, there were more significant tattvas. His mastery over the Maya Tattva gave him much power. This is the realm of magicians and miracle workers who have learnt, not only to produce illusion, but also to utilise the creative processes for their purposes. Like Jesus, Bhagawan Ji healed the sick,

multiplied food, altered weather, knew the thoughts of people, appeared in different places at the same time and brought spiritual growth to seekers. As his predominant characteristics were benevolence and compassion, his ability in the realm of causes was used to benefit.

In the Divine world above the alluring and varied world of Maya, is a tattva called Shudvidya. A person with mastery of this tattva is able to let his awareness drift throughout the world and say, "I am all this, and all this is a part of my Self." He has the ability of bringing and holding all objects in conscious relationship with himself and with each other. Here we have the long forgotten characteristics of the Divine King who holds together, not only his people, but the energy forces in the environment.

It was because people saw the Shudvidya Tattva operative in him that Gopi Nath was given the title, Bhagawan — Glorious Lord. In him they saw Kashmir held together. He was the king who opposed the malignant forces disrupting the country.

Nand Lal described him as "Shah-en-Shah" — King of Kings. Who would know better than Nand Lal? He was one of the great seers of Kashmir who died in 1973. He too had transcended the limitations of time and space and lived in a world of omniscience and spiritual ecstasy. Writing of him in "Koshur Samachar", J.N. Bhat stated, "As another mystic of Kashmir had told me, Nandabab ("Father Nand") was in the spiritual field the defence minister of Kashmir with a whole host of other mystics unknown and unidentifiable working under him on different grades and posts."

A few days before Bhagawan Ji died in his upstairs room, Nand Lal stood on the opposite side of the street and looked up at Bhagawan Ji's window. He began to weep. "Why is he leaving," he said, "and placing a burden of great responsibility on me?" The king was handing over to the defence minister. About the same time that Nand Lal asked his question, a friend visiting Bhagawan Ji saw his weak state and asked a more mundane question, "How do you feel?" He replied simply, "I would like to go to Khir Bhawani now." Death was coming and his thoughts turned to his spiritual mother with whom he shared a deep and abiding love for Kashmir.

Twenty years earlier was the crucial test of Bhagawan Ji's kingship. In 1947 Great Britain was relinquishing control of the Indian subcontinent. At that time Kashmir was a princely state with a predominant Moslem population. Hindus and

Moslems lived harmoniously together. Jinnah, the Moslem leader who wanted a sectarian state, visited Kashmir but was not able to destroy the harmony. Hindu separatists had no success either. The two communities wanted to live together in goodwill.

When partition of the subcontinent came there was no communal strife in the Kashmir Valley. The Moslems and Hindus remained united. Throughout India and the emerging nations of East and West Pakistan, plunder and massacre tore the two religious communities apart. This did not happen in Kashmir for spiritual unity remained intact. But a more terrifying threat arose.

The rulers of Pakistan wanted Kashmir. As they were not able to acquire it legally and were not in a position to send in the regular army, they assigned selected officers to arm and train Pathan warriors of the North West Frontier Region. Lured by promises of loot and land, the savage tribesmen were loaded into trucks and transported into Kashmir State.

Bhagawan Ji had seen them coming at least two months before because he had told a friend at that time to get all his possessions out of Baramulla, a village at the entrance of the Kashmir Valley, 60 kilometres from Srinagar.

As the Pathans neared Baramulla, Bhagawan Ji, in his room in his niece's house, was like a whirlwind of fire. With foaming mouth, bloodshot eyes and vibrating body, he yielded himself to the battle against malignant powers. Prior to this period his body had changed from an instrument of human consciousness to become a transmitting point for cosmic power.

When the Pathans captured Baramulla, they spent four days slaughtering the population and looting the houses. They murdered 3000 villagers. Meanwhile, in Srinagar, the people armed themselves with anything that could be used as a weapon. The whole population was united in its opposition to the Pakistan invasion. But the state had no army and was not really in a position to defend itself.

A request for help was sent to the Indian Government. Troops were flown in and immediately opposed the enemy. The Pathans spread out through the Kashmir Valley, plundering, murdering and destroying non-Moslem sacred places. But the one site that they left untouched was the Khir Bhawani shrine. A local Moslem holy man warned the various marauding bands to leave it alone.

The invaders reached the outskirts of Srinagar. So wrapped up in conflict was Bhagawan Ji that even close friends hesitated to visit him. However, his lifetime companion Gobind Koul went to his house to ask his advice and was surprised to find Bhagawan Ji relaxed. He told Gobind not to worry because the battle was over.

Soon the Pathans were turned back by the Indian army. However, the fighting continued in the surrounding mountains and the conflict over the possession of Kashmir was debated in the United Nations Assembly. It was thought that Bhagawan Ji visited the Assembly because he was heard to speak Russian during that period and was able to give information about the progress of the debates.

He told anxious people that he personally visited all the fighting fronts. He was not just a spectator. One well documented incident stated how a commander reported that a mysterious person was directing a particular operation and showing where to direct artillery fire. A military policeman was sent to Srinagar to search for the person. As Bhagawan Ji had been observed sitting near his window as if directing in this way, the policeman was taken to him. He recognised Bhagawan Ji as the mysterious person.

Once, during the following years, Bhagawan Ji commented, "Kashmir is in the grip of consumption. I am sitting over it and will not allow it to drift away."

Some people might question whether saints should involve themselves in human battles. But if a saint recognises the world as God's manifestation, does he have any alternative but to join in the struggle for the triumph for peace and unity? Bhagawan Ji has really been a forerunner. The battle for the world itself is soon to take place. Armies of Bhagawans are needed to train themselves for the fight against disunity and destruction.

Beyond the tattva of Shudvidya is the tattva of the Divine Lord and Creator — Ishwar. In this tattva is the power of assuming any and every form. A person at this level lives as the essential being of everything. "This am I," he says. Omnipotent as this consciousness is, it appears as almost complete powerlessness in the individual, for it can only live as the individual. It can quicken, enhance and develop the individual, but it can only direct according to the desires of the individual. It is totally different from a possessing spirit that brings a different personality to the individual.

Because he had mastery in the Ishwar Tattva. Bhagawan Ji had no choice — he had to satisfy the petty demands of those who could meet him during the brief periods when his awareness came down from the plane of eternal bliss. Bullying by bosses, arrangements for weddings, success in examinations, help in business — these sorts of anxieties were brought to him constantly and, feeling them in himself, he acted for their resolution.

A second consequence of mastering the Ishwar Tattva was dispassion. People who knew him well said that he was without personal ego. Even the greatest saints have desired to see their consciousness reflected in a group of disciples. This was not the case with Bhagawan Ji. He discouraged any sort of attachment to himself, and when people came seeking a guru he directed them to someone else. With him all people retained their freedom. Most saints have wished to appear holy. Bhagawan Ji was willing to eat meat and to drink alcohol, using the ground as a table. He smoked cannabis and other herbs in a pipe called a chellum, and at one period of his life consumed large amounts of opium.

There is no sort of action in the highest tattvas as they merge upwards into the unity of Siva-Sakti and the pure freedom and awareness that is Parama Siva. Yet the ancient sages of Kashmir did have a test for people who had attained highest consciousness — Did they accept their role in the cosmic drama and carry on the ordinary duties of life without being deluded by attachment to either. Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji, King of Kings in the kingdom of Cause and Creation, was also Gopi Nath Bhan who personally cared for his younger sister, and later reared some of his nephews and lived his life as an ordinary city dweller.

Even though there is no action in the highest levels of consciousness, there is a vibration that carries with itself the power of the Absolute. This animating power is perfect egoity — the I awareness of the whole universe — and it stirs in every tattva and every being. It is there within every person, ready to crumble the walls of conditioning and limitation so that true ego can shine forth.

Bhagawan Ji was a master of the cosmic vibration. S.N. Fotedar wrote in the biography of Bhagawan Ji, "It is my belief that Bhagawan Ji regarded this as a very superior and direct method of Self realisation though it involved much taxing effort and many tribulations."

The way of vibration is the way of attuning to the Infinite without dogma and without religion. A person does not have to believe anything. He does not even have to believe that there is a God. Usually it only appears in a person when he is open to receive it, but there have been instances when it appeared in individuals unwilling to receive it. In its mature development it causes the human body to cease to be an energy source for a limited consciousness that perpetuates itself through procreation and becomes a powerhouse for universal awareness.

Although the vibration is still given by the ever-living Bhagawan Ji, the method did not begin with him. It is found in any religion of power. Jesus had promised his disciples power and the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost was the coming of this celestial energy. It blazed as tongues of fire on their heads while they expressed a newborn universal consciousness by speaking in tongues and under the impact of the cosmic vibration, behaved like drunken men. In its early days Christianity continued as a religion of power.

The quaking and shaking reported in accounts of religious revivals arises from the impact of the animating power of the Absolute on the human body, seeking to purify it, divinise it and turn it into a vehicle of universal awareness.

Perhaps the gentlest forms of vibration arise from the repetition of mantras and from chanting. Many spiritual techniques use an uncomplicated form of direct vibration — the rhythmic movement of the lower abdomen. Yoga breathing, Sufi and Hasadim rocking, Zen concentration and Eastern Christian contemplation of the navel are all methods for awakening power within the human body by inducing vibration. But they do not become fully effective until the movements cease to be under the control of the limited mind and become inspired by the universal mind.

This universal mind expresses itself, not only in human bodies, but in the world as a living entity. In receiving the vibration, people receive power. The Earth has already received it, so that there are many sites of power throughout the world. But mankind has sorely wounded the Earth, so the most necessary work at the present time is to heal the Earth so that its power can flow freely.

A MAN AMONG GODDESSES

The sexual activities of divine beings are well recorded in legend, and even the Bible mentions the problems caused by sons of God having sexual intercourse with women (Genesis 6, 1 to 4). Every important sacred site in India seems to have celibate men living near the shrine. It is therefore fair to ask the question, "Can a goddess give sexual satisfaction?"

Before we examine this question, we must get a better idea of who goddesses are. In India they are called saktis (powers) because they are the active creative energy of the Absolute. In the profile of the many aspects of the totality of Being, below the undifferentiated Parama Siva is Siva-Sakti as one. This is Consciousness with its Power as potential for development. The main characteristic of the Siva-Sakti is bliss and rest. From this primal sakti all life and matter arises. The legendary image of this union is Siva and Parvati in motionless sexual embrace amid the Himalayan Mountain peaks for many thousands of years.

The consciousness of the saktis range between the Maya tattva and Siva-Sakti. Therefore they all have unity consciousness and, although they centre in specific regions of the world, they are not limited by time and place. They are the source of unity and harmony in the world, and in the sakti of the Virgin Mother the whole world lives as one blissful peacefulness. In unity with the sakti of the Global Mother, are saktis for each region of the world. Traditionally the sakti of Kashmir is goddess Uma who Siva describes as his will to emerge out into manifestation. This will to emerge out is the highest tattva, coming between Ishwar and Siva-Sakti. Kashmir is therefore rightly described as the hub of the world — when there is still no feeling of otherness, there is the emptiness around which the world revolves. Saktis are centred at specific points on the Earth. The exact site of some saktis is hard to find, but this is not the case with Uma. She is the river Jhellum.

Saktis are centres of conscious energy with potential to become embodied in matter.

Goddesses are called devis because their form is light. Through the changes that came about in his body, Bhagawan Ji was able to see this light form and help others to see it too. According to Bhagawan Ji, they could move from place to place but usually stayed at the one site for thousands of years. He said that they would eventually return to their source. Once he

looked into the sky and said that it was full of conscious masses of light.

There are obviously similarities between devis and unidentified flying objects. Both are light phenomena, both seem to have extra-terrestrial origins, both are related to power points on earth, both take a benevolent interest in the well being of the globe (but not always with the current plague of creatures devastating it), both can assume various forms and both can effect the consciousness of people.

Goddesses are called bhagawatis because, as powers of the Divine, they can be worshipped. They are different from spirits because they carry their own energy with them. Spirits seem to need to draw on human energy to function. Bhagawatis are energy primarily. They have consciousness and this consciousness gives the bhagawati a certain character which attracts or repels people. The energy of the bhagawati seems to be of an electro-magnetic sort that can glide from place to place and accumulate at specific places. As the energy is also in organic matter, offerings of food and flesh may be made at the site to stimulate the resident consciousness and cause favour to flow. But usually the energy is stirred through offerings of sound, rhythm and vibration, often daily at sunrise and sunset.

As indicated by the Australian aborigines, hunting and foodgathering peoples danced and sang at specific sites to stir up the energy flow and directed its movement into the environment with the help of art work. This basic pattern is still found in Christian Cathedrals where morning prayer and evensong seek to draw God's attention to regions of need in the world and in human consciousness.

When a bhagawati is centred at a natural site, there is an energy and consciousness going from it into all natural beings around it. A modern view is that a sort of etheric web from these power points embraces the Earth. People inclined to mathematics and working from models see neat lines running around the globe, but it is more likely that the lines are effected by a complex of factors including the character of the landscape, amount of vegetation and pollution, the psychic waves from the behaviour of people in a locality and happenings beyond the planet.

The power points are the essence of Nature, for here is the creative energy of Nature. If the world is to be saved, forgotten power points need to be rediscovered and reopened to men and

the environment, and to be directly linked to the power points in other continents.

Throughout his lifetime Bhagawan Ji was drawn to the sakti sites where he would sometimes stay for long periods. He did not go as a worshipper. S.N. Fotedar thought that he went to the sites to attune to the particular vibration of each place. Each site had a different level of vibration. Therefore one place might empower a person for the release of healing love, another site might open up the realm of highest consciousness. Saintly men of Kashmir knew which site assisted in the development of particular aspects of total consciousness. To be fully alive, a person had to accumulate power from a number of different sites.

Obviously Bhagawan Ji was not only receptive to the vibration of each major site in Kashmir, but he had learnt to achieve a sort of unity with them. Once a mature devotee of Khir Bhawani was upset by Bhagawan Ji's non-worshipping attitude. But the goddess set his mind at rest by giving him a vision of Bhagawan Ji and herself together.

Was Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji in love with the saktis of Kashmir?

First, it must be said that there is no record of him failing in love with either man or woman. To some, he was loving kindness personified, but this was different from being in love with another individual. He had not experienced sexual intercourse with another person. In his youth his mates had taken him to a prostitute, but there was no sexual interaction.

To fall in love and to unite sexually are part of human nature and to repress these tendencies brings about a narrowness of outlook. As Bhagawan Ji lacked the characteristics of repression, it must be assumed that his urge to union was fully satisfied. He was not against other people having sexual intercourse, but he was realistic enough to suggest that it be kept in the confines of socially acceptable norms. In fact, he seemed to delight in the wedding ceremony, and gladly used his power to make marriages successful. After all, he lived as an ordinary person among ordinary people in ordinary households and accepted ordinary social values.

He would not accept the role of guide into the heights of consciousness unless the individual had given up sexual intercourse. The heights can only be scaled when the creative energy flow in the body changes direction and moves upwards rather than down and out through the genitals.

His encouragement of marriage and his encouragement of celibacy for high climbers was again typical of Kashmir Saivism that recommended no repression of natural desires, but the satisfying of physical, emotional, mental and spiritual needs with an attitude of offering them to the Divine. As the grosser desires were satisfied, they kept falling away and being replaced by more refined desires, until only the craving for union in pure light remained. In Kashmir Saivism there is no repression of desire, only its purifying.

Every form of life perpetuates itself through union. In union is its joy and fulfilment. The human body is made for sexual union. For the majority of people there is no greater bliss. Because people can understand sexual bliss, mystics often use physical imagery to express the ecstasy of higher levels of consciousness. For them, sexual union is nothing more than a symbol of mystical union.

Bhagawan Ji clarified the nature of his own union when he identified three entities as being the same. No theorist would have done so. Such a statement could only arise from experience. He said that Brahina (the Imageless Absolute), Devi (the goddess) and Mind in Ecstasy were the same! The bringing together of these three was the summing up of thousands of years of human spirituality. The prime people of the Earth found mystical union through the energies of the Earth, in the following ages through the God above and in this current secular age, within human consciousness. Bhagawan Ji knew them all and found them to be the same. No wonder he had the capacity to guide people in terms of their own belief patterns!

Obviously Bhagawan Ji did experience union with deis. He loved them and they loved him, but his union was not limited to them. He loved too the pure Absolute and entered into union with it. He passed through many grades of awareness and was wrapped into ecstasy of union with his own consciousness. He found that all three gave a satisfaction that transcended sexual ecstasy.

Union with God, the Universal Consciousness and Energy is the goal of all spiritual practice. There is a union of will that comes from surrender, but there is a union of love which is the merging of a divinised soul into its polar opposite, divine being. Bhagawan Ji knew that if this union was to happen, a change had to take place in the control centre of the human body. The pineal gland in the head had to realise that it had to prepare the body, not for physical union but for divine union. It had therefore

to direct energy away from the genitals and up to the top of the head which is the doorway to the shining world.

Once this doorway is opened, even material objects begin to be perceived in their commonplace but luminous reality. It becomes more possible to perceive deities. For Buddhists seeking to know their goddess (Tara), it is recommended in Tibetan writings that they direct attention above their heads and visualise the goddess. However, with the third eye turned upwards and inwards a goddess might be met without any intentional visualisation. It depends on the goddess. As Bhagawan Ji once said, "Seeing her is not important. What is important is that she look toward us." And if the goddess grants her love, there is a bliss similar to sexual climax, but the bliss is above the body, even though its glorious light permeates the whole body.

The real purpose of this divine union is not just bliss. Like physical sex, the purpose is the creation of new lives. The result of Bhagawan Ji's divine union is that now there is a new family growing up in the world. These Bhagawan people have an affinity for the power points of the Earth and a will to bring harmony and peace to the world of nature and society.

Much of Bhagawan Ji's life was spent in the shining world above ordinary human awareness. Yet he never spoke of it. People still remember with awe how his eyes would slowly drop to the normal position after leaving temporarily the upper world. Because his consciousness had settled in this place before his death, he has continued on as a sort of Father who continues his work in the world.

The question might be asked, "Now that he has no physical body, where does his energy come from?" It could be that he draws energy from his devotees. This seems unlikely, because they enhance rather than deplete their energy through contact with him. It could be that, as he had transcended past and future, all his actions subsequent to his death, took place for him during his lifetime. A third alternative is that his union with saktis gives a continuous source of power. In the Siva Sutras (1:21) it states that a person at the shudvidya level of consciousness has a mastery over the collective whole of the saktis. In his lifetime Bhagawan Ji was clearly at this level, so now he sits enthroned among the energy forces of the whole world. That is why he is called a jagat guru — a world guide.

AMONG THE GUIDES OF HUMANITY

To search for the traditional origins of the guides of humanity, we must look back to the legendary period of human prehistory that preceded the great flood. The story of a massive inundation that wiped out most of the world's population is found in all parts of the world.

The modern European and American variations of this legend draw more on the writing of Plato about it than on the Biblical story of Noah. Current research is bringing to light more and more details to prove that there was once a great and powerful society that flourished on a continent in the Atlantic Ocean. Atlantis was said to have been destroyed around 9560 B.C.

The general Indian view is recorded in early writings called Puranas. In the period before the great flood the world was ruled by a series of ten Manu. During this period cattle breeding, commerce and agriculture were introduced to mankind. The tenth Manu was guided by a council of seven sages, the Sapta Rishis. When the 10th Manu was warned by the god, Vishnu, that the world was to be flooded he built a boat for his family and very sensibly took along the sages as well. Vishnu took the form of a fish which drew the boat through the flood and placed it on a mountain peak to the West of the Kashmir Valley. From the family of Manu the human race came, and the seven sages remained as the guides of the new humanity. These antediluvian wise men remained in the eternal realm which meant that they appeared on earth at various times. At present in India they are identified with men who have lived since the flood, most of them in the period of Rama and Ravana when Khir Bhawani first arrived in Kashmir.

References to humanity's guides are found throughout the ancient world. In Greece, sayings of the Seven Sages were written on the walls of the temple in Delphi. Their most famous sayings were, "Know thyself" and "Everything in moderation." In 4th Century China Chuang Tzu wrote of a man living in the mountains. He rode on clouds and, mounting a flying dragon, he went beyond the four seas. In other words he utilised the energy lines around the globe to travel to any part of the world. He was able to protect creatures from sickness and decay and to bring about rich harvests. Chuang commented that such men saw all multiplicity as unity and because he existed, the world was emerging from chaos.

A similar figure appeared a couple of centuries later in the writing of Daniel in the Bible. He saw a person that he identified as the Ancient of Days who gave dominion, glory and world-wide kingship to one "like a son of man." Prior to this a court had sat in judgement and taken away authority from a kingdom that had devoured the Earth. (Daniel was probably referring to his own time period, but the present day devouring of the Earth's resources makes any destruction at the time of Daniel infinitesimal). The saints of the Most High were to take over the control of the Earth. Both the Ancient of Days in the Middle East and the holy man of China were directors of world destiny.

In India, where any spiritual being can appear in human form, guides of humanity continue to be recognised as living influences in the world. We have already met Ramakrishna's view of Vivekananda as one of the seven sages. Last century, Madam Blavatsky, founder of the Theosophical Society, claimed to have met one in the Himalayan Mountains. She taught that these supreme teachers have remained in touch with humanity over thousands of years and are still assisting in the evolution of the perfect man. In his book, "I am the Gate", Rajneesh discusses contemporary activities of the guides.

Assuming that there is a council of sages seeking to bring mankind to perfection and working to restore the ancient harmony between transcendence, man and nature, we must consider the possibility that Bhagawan Ji belongs to it.

There is no objective criteria to test a candidate for the supreme council. But some points are obvious. He must first pass through death in full consciousness. Before he died Bhagawan Ji had asked, "Does what is immortal die?" implying that only his body would perish. He indicated his survival by giving a man instruction about renting a shop at the same time that his body was being burned.

Secondly, he must have entered so deeply into the collective consciousness of mankind that his life on earth becomes, in a sense, the life of awakened humanity -- but with one difference. He lives through the preoccupations of the enlightened and enters a new age and therefore becomes a life-giving path to the new age for all who wish to enter.

Among the vast spectrum of characteristics in Bhagawan Ji, four qualities seem to predominate. He ranged the gamut of altered states of consciousness, he lived harmoniously with the

powers of nature, he lived a commonplace life and his overwhelming concern was for human welfare.

People who knew him accepted that his vision was immensely wider than their own and simply made use of it for the satisfaction of their needs. His chellum smoking was related to this aspect of his life. The common picture of him with his hands making a path for cannabis smoke to pass from the pipe to his mouth, is the way people most typically remember him.

Chellum smoking was a traditional method for changing awareness, but it was more than entry into ego-centric bliss. It was a path to direct perception into human consciousness and into divine powers and mysteries using herbs that grew all around in the natural environment. Chellum smoking was a part of the life pattern of sadhus who rejected social conditioning and roamed the face of India or lived in poverty at places of power. To such people Bhagawan Ji shared his pipe, but not to drug addicts. It was never part of his teaching. At present there is only one chellum smoker in the Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji Ashram — Swami Amrit Ananda who lives at the shrine of Khir Bhawani.

Bhagawan Ji gave no reason for his chellum smoking, but at times he said that it gave him knowledge. Often when he handed it to someone else to puff, they realised the answers that they sought. He also said that it burnt up the sins of his visitors.

One time Philip was discussing Bhagawan Ji with two college lecturers, Sri O.N. Chrungoo and Pran Ji, secretary of the Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji Trust. Sri O.N. Chrungoo told the following typical anecdote: A friend who yearned in vain for a son was persuaded to visit Bhagawan Ji. When he sat down in the room with Bhagawan Ji, he was asked, "What do you want?"

The man replied that he wanted nothing. He had simply come to gaze at Bhagawan Ji.

"You've come because you want a son," Bhagawan Ji told him. Then Bhagawan Ji pointed to his bag. "What is in there?" he asked. The man took out 60 grams of charas and handed it to Bhagawan Ji who placed it in his chellum. After placing some tobacco on it, he smoked his chellum in great, rapid puffs. Then he banged the chellum and the ash fell out. "That is what happens to the sins of the people who come here," he said. The man's wife conceived and a son was born.

Just interacting with people was a constant play of consciousness. He would immediately be at the level of people. "With old men he was old. With children he was a child," Pran Ji commented. Sri O.N. Chrungoo added, "With the silent he was silent." He told how Bhagawan Ji was visited by a saint who had taken a vow of silence. Bhagawan Ji beckoned the saint to sit beside him and soon the two were laughing, gesticulating and showing by their faces that they were conversing through mental images or thought impressions and understanding and enjoying the silent conversation.

In later years Bhagawan Ji seldom spoke but he could not keep his awareness within himself. Requests were satisfied without anything being said. Because it happened so often, the story arose that if people sat directly in front of him and thought their desire, they would have their desires granted.

His smoking and drinking of alcohol was an offence to some in his lifetime as it was to respectable people after his death. The quality of offence to merely respectable people seems to be characteristic of great teachers. Jesus with his friendliness to social rejects and his eating and drinking habits and his criminal's death, Buddha with his desertion of his wife and child, Krishna with his promiscuity and his fighting are all examples.

The second quality could be defined as harmonious living with the powers of nature. His approach was more direct than Westerners whose real contact with the environment has been marred by centuries of indoctrination that at best the natural world is there to be exploited, at worst to be destroyed as being dangerous and evil. Bhagawan Ji's harmony with nature was similar to the prime peoples of the world who understood the power points, the forms of consciousness and energy and the spirit paths in their locality. He gave the impression that he understood the inner essence of the five elements — water, fire, earth, air and ether — and was able to utilise this knowledge to alter weather, multiply food, travel instantly through space and generally use skills traditionally associated with the guides of humanity.

He lived an ordinary life. He accepted family duties. It is with deep affection that his nephew, Sri Triloki Nath Kachroo recalls how, when his father died, Bhagawan Ji fulfilled the role of father. Buddha left his wife and son and family. Bhagawan Ji accepted a family role even though his was a life of renunciation and detachment. Triloki believed that Bhagawan Ji was primarily

a family man. He told a story to illustrate how his uncle supported family unity. An elderly couple came to him complaining that their overseas son did not contact them any more. Bhagawan Ji told them that the son would visit them within a week. That night the son heard in a dream a voice saying to him, "Either see your parents or die within a week." The dream disturbed the man, but he was not prompted to action until he heard the same voice asking him whether he had come to a decision. He flew to Kashmir to see his parents before a week had ended.

Gobind Koul was Bhagawan Ji's lifetime companion and he recalled Bhagawan Ji as an ordinary boy who did what every boy normally did. In fact, to Gobind Koul, he only ever wanted to be ordinary. Later, when his great power matured, he still looked on his mighty acts as ordinary. For example, a spectacular miracle of recalling a clinically dead boy to life without direct physical contact he described as "nothing". When the parents came to thank him, he waved off their praise by saying, "It is nothing. It is nothing."

Even in old age Gobind Koul's eyes twinkle with delight and amusement at the antics of men. He remembers Bhagawan Ji as a kind man who could be amused. His recall of the incident in Bhagawan Ji's youth when he was taken by his friends to a prostitute has a different emphasis from the record of it in Sri Fotedar's biography of Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji. He said that firstly it was an act of kindness in giving her money to help her toward some other life pattern and secondly it was a trick played on his friends by his praising to them the delights of the woman in such a way that they understood sexually, but later realised was praise for her womanly characteristics.

Certainly, the mature Bhagawan Ji was a person of awe to Gobind Koul, but he found him easily amused. At one time, at the shrine of Khir Bhawani, Bhagawan Ji, at midnight, gave Gobind a little bottle of milk and told him to take it to the pool and pour it slowly and watch it go deep into the water. He poured it slowly and about two hours later he was still pouring. He then realised that Bhagawan Ji was again playing tricks and multiplying the milk supply. He tipped up the bottle and went back to Bhagawan Ji who was laughing and happy. "You have done well. Khir Bhawani is very pleased with you," Bhagawan Ji said.

The habit of Bhagawan Ji was always to give. Every visitor was given something. Children of the neighbourhood would go several times a day to get some of his food. During Summer,

some sadhus would visit daily to collect a rupee. One sadhu asked for Bhagawan Ji's blanket and was given it. But Bhagawan Ji's sister intercepted the sadhu downstairs and got it back because, she said, Bhagawan Ji needed the blanket more than the sadhu.

One time, after all visitors had gone, a university lecturer, Dr Wali and her father called in to see Bhagawan Ji. He had a few cooked chillis on a plate in front of him. He gave them to his guests. As they began to eat, they heard Bhagawan Ji murmur, "How can a man with a world family to feed, have food for himself?" Realising that the few humble vegetables were his evening meal, they gave some of the chillis back to Bhagawan Ji as a gift which he accepted with delight and gratitude.

Two boys were constant visitors. They lived near his house and kept watch for visitors taking tasty food offerings to him. Then they would go to Bhagawan Ji's house to get a share. One day they had gone seven times, and in the late afternoon they saw a visitor carrying particularly tempting food. Slightly ashamed of their greed, they went to Bhagawan Ji's room and sat for some time with lowered eyes before getting enough courage to look up into Bhagawan Ji's face. He smiled, but instead of giving them the food, he handed them a couple of sweets.

Bhagawan Ji lived among ordinary people and people loved his ordinary ways because they were always so extraordinary.

The fourth point is the concern for humanity's welfare. He made no distinction between the great and lowly, the members of religions and ideologies. He understood that, for society to function there must be morality. For himself, he went beyond morality to a life of self-giving for the well being of others. As Fire personified, he fought against chaos at the hub of the world — and the battle against irrational destruction is not yet won.

As a teacher he encouraged people to break through their conditioning. To older people he would invite them to break through their taboos, and to younger men he would invite them to practise skills they had never learnt and to do things contrary to their upbringing. He taught without discourses, but gave infusions of enlightening power for those who understood his brief comments, nods or symbolic acts.

Because the Guides are a council, it is assumed that each member specialises in a certain field. In the Council, Bhagawan Ji could be regarded as the Marriage Master. He lived out within himself the four major preoccupations of the awakened of the

age in which he lived. (It could be that the awakened lived out to a lesser extent his preoccupations. It is a question of "which comes first. . .") It was in the 1960s when his life reached its climax and the four preoccupations burst into the global awareness. And beyond these four is the Great Marriage.

All of Nature is a marriage. In bliss the tiny celled creatures unite, bees and butterflies sport in the pollinating bliss of plants, insects, fish, birds and animals experience their sole ecstasy in sexual union and the divinity of celestial beings interpenetrate each other in great continuous joy. Every natural form is created from delight and is made for delight.

It is his voice on the Council that calls all things to awake to the unity that always existed. Each being must return to its own bliss, to its joys which transcend limited awareness. Whether the sensual lust of insects or the visions of God's throne by angels, it is the joy of union that is the call. All unions are steps on the way to a final consumation where mankind throws off bondage to illusion and all life becomes a continuous experience of freedom and joyous unity.

There is no escape from the difficulties of life, for the guides know that what is needed now is an army of courageous individuals who will conquer the world for peace and love through peace and love. This means both allowing a flow of harmonising peace from power points and meditating human consciousness, and a facing of every difficulty and gaining mastery. It means facing chaos and disunity with the same self-giving that Bhagawan Gopi Nath did in Kashmir in 1947. That is why Bhagawan Ji gives the cosmic vibration so readily. Men of peace must be empowered.

He seeks as eagerly to give his consciousness too, for his consciousness is one of unity. Unity is the ground from which peace and love grows. It is the milieu that completely envelops all. It is unity that allows the saint to act freely because he knows that whatever he does he is doing to himself.

Vibration is felt in the body, unity in the emotions. At first, it is a feeling, but it grows into an awareness and becomes a part of the individual's being. At a certain point any emotion becomes contagious. That is why an army is needed — so that the whole of humanity's emotion might be dominated by a sense of unity.

The coming of a guide into the world causes the world to rejoice, but the return of one effects the course of the Universe, because he carries with him from his earthly life the pattern of his activities and imposes them on the all-pervading infinity. In

his own being Bhagawan Ji lived out the preoccupations of the age and prepared the world consciousness for the Great Marriage, the union of all. Now anyone who breaks through material bondage and reaches the heights meets these qualities, first as a fog obscuring his vision of light, but later as clouds below him. From these clouds he causes life-giving rain to fall. Such a man of Bhagawan consciousness is a SIVA, that is, he is Supremely Inward, Valuing All.

Every locality unit needs its SIVA to enter into the inward sphere and embrace highest heaven and deepest earth and cause blessing to shower around him. Every locality has its sakti sites and an interlocking world of Nature, Society and Material Things. When seen in terms of its subatomic reality, there is one energy making up all. In the bewildering mass of forms of consciousness competing in a local environment, there is one consciousness underlying all. The SIVA seeks to have his individual awareness awake to this one consciousness and energy, and this is contact with the multitude of lives in his locality. His closest contact will be with the saktis of the environment, and then with people seeking to expand their awareness, regardless of sect or method. Through the outward flow of his inward unity, he brings peace and love, and this makes a balance among the competing lives in his area. He does this without self-assertion, and everyone feels that they are achieving through their own effort. Early Kashmir Saivite writings described such people as bhairavas.

It has long been known that a new society can only rise from the consciousness of a special king. Isaiah knew this 2700 years ago. He believed that it would come about through a renewed kingdom of Israel. He wrote,

"The cow and the bear shall feed
and their young shall lie down together
and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
The sucking child shall play over the hole of the asp
and the weaned child shall put his hand in the adder's den.
They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain
for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the
waters cover the sea (chapter 11, verses 7 to 9)

Christians believe that this state of the world will come through Jesus the King. Even though Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world" his followers made him a church of limited beliefs and moralities — certainly more refined than a terrestrial kingdom, but powerless to transform world consciousness.

They formed a religion instead of rising into son-of-god awareness. Time will tell whether the World Government of the Transcendental Movement will be any more successful.

Of course, the failures to uncover paradise lies with people, for most of them are satisfied with animal gratification — food, sex, territory (possessions) and social intercourse. Few want more. A SIVA does not condemn people for being this way. In Saivism, ordinary people are called pasu, and Siva is called Pasupati. A SIVA just serves people, the way they are, in their naturalness. And he allows them to throw off their conditioning, and as they do so they discover that their nature is really their divinity.

It is impossible to adequately summarise Bhagawan Ji's present attitude to humanity. People who knew him in the flesh keep saying, "What's he up to now?" Like the proverbial iceberg, only a small part of his dimensions are visible. yet some characteristics form a pattern.

He still works for individuals. He can be contacted. This does not require prayer because a cry for help into the cosmic void brings a response. He may be contacted through people who have surrendered to him, or directly by anyone who contacts him. Some people talk to his photograph. In some instances he will take the initiative. Usually he replies directly with words spoken in the mind. But he is a man, and he does not always reply. Sometimes he expresses through visions in ordinary consciousness or in meditative states. He seems usually to avoid trance and dream states if a person's spiritual awareness has matured. Dreams and trances can be easily manipulated by psychic beings. He does not possess and he does not speak through a person as a spirit might. In fact, he does not violate freedom and he does not encourage dependence. His statements are usually direct, often in the form of a question. He is recognisably different from beings met in reverie, fantasy or the usual thought streams. He has never been reported present at a spiritualist seance. But if he did, his old friends would just say, "What's Bhagawan Ji up to now?"

His interest is still in commonplace life. His presence also provides a healing energy that can flow through an attuned individual to bring physical healing and inner calm. Strength and courage he stimulates in his friends, but he refuses to bring harm to anyone. He seems to have little influence on people if they are not open to him. To anyone who seeks to throw off limitation and enter into infinite unity, he gives himself freely

to bring about the satisfaction of the individual's desire. He gives instruction and inward experience. His guidance is so gentle that it coincides with the person's highest will.

His photograph is found in numerous homes. Some people set aside an area of their house where they can sit and feel his presence. In other buildings his photograph hangs on a wall and his calm consciousness fills the whole room. Obviously he is not limited to one place.

He lays down no conventions of behaviour. As a world teacher he is no longer a Kashmiri Hindu, and he does not assume that his friends throughout the world must conform to alien behaviour patterns. He calls people back to themselves, and by entering deeply into their national and religious heritage, to rise beyond to a universal vision.

Although he is a master of the powers of nature, he is not opposed to urban society. In fact, during his life as a Kashmiri, he was never a villager or a rural dweller. He lived in a crowded city in ordinary households. He showed through his life that urban life is not intrinsically out of tune with a pattern that embraces the saktis of the earth.

In society as a whole, he is not divisive. He seeks to protect and harmonise the whole social unit, despite the conflicting ideologies and religions within it. As a practical man he realises that there must be rules of conduct, but as a guide of humanity he encourages people to be aware of both their good and bad and offer both to Benevolent Light. Only on lower levels are opposites opposed. For example, greed never becomes unselfishness, but as both qualities grow to maturity the person who realises, "The world is mine" is going to act in a similar way to the person who realises, "The world is God's". Similarly, a city dweller who goes to a power point to exercise his alpha brain waves will bring into society the same peace as a worshipper of Sakti.

As a jagat guru his concern is worldwide. Out of love for the world and for humanity he would like to see mankind living in harmony with each other and with the powers of nature. There is the danger that the powers will find mankind's effect on the world intolerable and they will withdraw as clouds of light to their celestial source. Will they take the few attuned saints with them? Both Christianity and UFOlogy have a similar belief. If such a departure takes place, the planet will sink into unprecedented tribulation.

But the guides do not want to see the world destroyed through agony. They have watched over the slow evolution of mankind and would like to see the world renewed through ecstasy. New ages must dawn, and they can be ages of freedom, of joy, of peace and unity. This is the vision of the guides of humanity for an awakened creation that leaves behind its bondage and opens into the limitless potential that is their nature as pure manifestations of pure consciousness and energy.

JESUS, GADAHAR AND GOPI NATH

When Jesus was about 33 years of age he was charged by priests with the crime of claiming to be divine and was subject to the most hideous of Roman tortures. During this time of agony on the crucifix, unexpected darkness came and the earth quaked. At his death graves opened and dead people appeared in the city of Jerusalem. The sufferings of Jesus echoed through the natural and spirit world. Such a death was not meaningless. For those who could see, he died as the Lamb of God who carried into death and oblivion all mankind's sins. He was the absolute sacrifice that calmed God's wrath against erring humans.

At the age of 32 years Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji entered seven years of agony. It was also a time of agony for the world. During those seven years the capitalist world sunk into the Great Depression, Hitler gained power in Germany and Stalin began the mass destruction of his own people. Gopi Nath's room became covered in dust and hung with spider webs. For days he would lie facing a bare wall. He was indifferent to himself and at one time a rat ate part of his heel. Sometimes he would fast for months, and then eat great amounts of food or handfuls of opium. With his swollen body his appearance was horrible. At times he vomited basinfuls of blood.

In 1937 the agony ended and, as recorded in S.N. Fotedar's biography on Bhagawan Ji, "he came out of the great ordeal clairvoyant and clairaudient, with a full vision of the past, present and future, a siddha with a badly mauled body, but a radiant soul." This was Gopi Nath's resurrection, seven years after the start of his passion.

Conflict and not peace followed depression as the world was wracked by storms as powerful nations unleashed mass destruction. Through battle with dark powers of oppression and death in other people, Gopi Nath built up his inner power in the invisible world of cause, and in the state around him, so that when destruction attacked the hub of world unity, he was ready to hurl it back. In 1947 he led the inward fight to save Kashmir.

The life patterns of Jesus and Gopi Nath were quite different, although the degree of similarity would indicate a family resemblance. Both were centred in the same heights of consciousness. Perhaps both had roots in the same locality. In his book, "Jesus Died in Kashmir" by A. Faiber-Kaiser, an attempt has been made to prove that Jesus lived many years in Kashmir and, as the book title indicates, finally died there. Whether there is sufficient evidence for conclusive proof is an open question. However, many characteristics of Jesus fit harmoniously into a Kashmir Saivite setting but are ill fitting in a Jewish one.

For example, his claim of God as Father carried the death penalty in Judea, but was nothing unusual in Kashmir. His comment that stones could cry out their recognition of him and his enigmatic command to the barren fig tree showed that he knew the nature of consciousness in stones and plants. His healing and multiplication of food showed a mastery of energy. His understanding of the shadow side of society — prostitution, alcohol and poverty, and his indifference to food and holy day taboos were certainly more Saivite than Israelite. His promise to stay with his disciples after death and his continuing activity in the world were more typical of Kashmir where Buddhists formulated the ideal of the bodhisattvas — enlightened men who rejected a personal nirvana so that they could help the world after their deaths.

Despite the family resemblances between Jesus and Gopi Nath, there were great differences arising from their position in universal time. Both came at the dawn of a new astrological age. They lived out the character of the dying age and heralded the new. In the fading age of Aries, Jesus was the Lamb of God, the perfect sacrifice, in the beginning age of Pisces, he was the Fish which swam in an infinite ocean but was separate from it. Jesus lived in his own being the birth, death and resurrection of the gods of the natural cycles. By swallowing the Aries archetype in this way he brought God, Man and Nature together in a new dimension of freedom. As Jesus predicted, this brought not

peace but a sword that slashed everything apart — flesh and spirit, life and death, wealth and poverty, slavery and freedom, hypocrisy and purity. The followers of Jesus have tended to grant validity to only one part of the dichotomy and, in the struggle to see their good prevail, have created endless conflict. The heirs of Christianity, Islam and Communism in the East and Materialism in the West, have perpetuated this oneness.

Gopi Nath began in the Piscean age and explored the unfathomed depths and heights of the ocean of infinity and the limited fish-consciousness. Toward the end of his life he began a new practice. As usual he gave no explanation. He obtained a round, widemouthed earthenware vessel and filled it with water. On top of it he placed a brass basin, also filled with water and in it placed a metal tumbler of water. Sri Fotedar wrote, "He was seen concentrating on it with a fixed gaze as if watching the water vapour or something luminous rising from the tumbler which we cannot ordinarily see. It is clear that he was dealing with the jai (water) tattva."

At the dawn of the Aquarian age, in the 1960s, why should he have brought it into his room and made it a focus of contemplation, if not to enter deeply into the character of the new age? (Earlier Eastern zodiacs portrayed Aquarius as a pitcher of water, not a person pouring water). Water is a great unity symbol, and the Aquarian age is the age of unity.

During the same period that he contemplated water, Bhagawan Ji sometimes interfered with nature and with individual's karmas to allow weddings to happen. At least once he gave all his money so that a marriage could take place. Marriage too is a great unity symbol. Also, during this period his awareness, once closely bound to Kashmir, began to move out into the world. His unity with the saktis seemed to be complete. There is no record of him visiting them during his last few years. But in his old age, large numbers of small children came to visit him. The ancient sage coming from timelessness and soon to enter timelessness, and the little children — the reflection of the Guide and the infant age — what could be more universal!

Kashmir was once a huge waterbowl into which the luminous water from the surrounding snowy peaks would pour. Both legendary and geological evidence indicates this. Now its waters flow down into the sea. There are still many lakes in the Valley, and the water from the mountains still flow down. Kashmir still remains a great pitcher, especially designed to catch and store the cosmic currents as they pour down on to the greatest

mountain range in the world. Toward the end of the age of Aries, it announced through Mahayana Buddhism the end of religious sacrifice, in the first thousand years of Pisces it shone as a jewel in a lotus, the perfection of beauty, but in the second thousand years it was swallowed by tribulation. Now it is the hub of the world for the Aquarian age. No wonder India and Pakistan fought for its possession three times in twenty years.

And there, in Kashmir, in the 60s, on an island in the centre of the Valley was a man, presumably watching something luminous pouring upwards from the tumbler and "dealing with" the reality he alone could see. Here was the Man of Aquarius, known to some in Kashmir and to some of the homeless sadhus who roamed the face of India, but completely unknown to the peoples of the world.

His ashram in Srinagar now stands near a small community temple. It is not far from his last home. It stands beside water, the Jhellum River, as Bhagawan Ji wished.

In Gopi Nath the Christ-consciousness continues into the new age. It is not that Jesus and Gopi Nath are one and the same. But there is one goal for both of them. Jesus looked forward to an age of wholeness and unity, and his teachings were concerned with bringing this about. For the age of Pisces his advice was, "Accept the other side of the dichotomy." Gopi Nath gave no general teaching. Like Jesus he was a man of spiritual authority, and for that reason he was called Bhagawan by his contemporaries. Bhagawan and Christ are not interchangeable terms. Bhagawan means "Glorious Lord" and indicates a guide. Messiah and Christ means "Anointed One" — a title of kingship. Both overlap — the king is a guide, the guide is a king. Both are expressions of an event that brought something new into the world 2000 years ago.

St Paul understood that the coming of the Absolute into the world in human form for the first time meant that a total restructuring of the world order had to result. He saw a need to battle against the principalities and powers that previously ruled the planet, Earth, but had failed to understand the implications of God's incarnation. They were the protectors and energy givers of the world, but their success was limited. It is probable that the intention of the Absolute was to strengthen them by giving his Spirit to a host of people. There is no indication that Jesus wanted to form a religion that competed with other religions for the conditioned minds of men. Rather he wanted to make them whole and raise them to his level whether they were

jews or gentiles. These God-men would take leadership over the principalities and powers for the good of the world. Unfortunately, Christianity set out to battle against the powers and we see the result — a devastated and polluted world, poised at the brink of destruction.

Jesus came from the highest level of consciousness. As the only begotten Son of God, his appearing on earth required special preparation. The Christian creed states that he was born of his Father before all worlds. He was born beyond time and place, and his birth was conveyed to Planet Earth. In the same level of consciousness was a power, the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life. At the appropriate time, an angel announced to Mary, "The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the Power of the Most High will overshadow you". (Luke 1 v. 35) The subsequent pregnancy did not arise from husband Joseph. The Power of the Most High conveyed it to her. The conception and birth had taken place in Infinity, the Holy Spirit carried it to time and place.

Mary herself was not an ordinary human, for her conception was free of original sin — that human tendency to depravity which, like syphilis, is passed on through sexual intercourse. Hers was an immaculate conception. The true nature of Mary is indicated by her titles — "Queen of Heaven", "Mother of God", "The Celestial Virgin", "The Spouse of God", "The Heavenly Peacemaker" and, of course "Immaculate Conception." All of these are goddess titles. But she is not God, as is the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

As mentioned earlier, Gopi Nath's mother was identified as Khir Bhawani, Queen of the Goddesses. His mother had some resemblance with the Mother of Jesus Christ. The rosary, the Virgin Mother character, the appearance as healing energy at a natural site are three fundamental similarities. Liberal Protestant Christians would argue that the view of Mary outlined above has arisen as a result of pagan influences and were not part of the Biblical revelation. Other Christians would argue that Mary's character has always been the same, but it has taken time for people to understand it better.

If a sort of identification can be made between the inner natures of Mary and Hara Mali, none can be made between the fathers. Gopi Nath's father was not the Absolute God. The coming of the Most High in human form had been a new occurrence on Earth and needed no repeating. The Christ-

anointing was already on earth at the time of Gopi Nath's conception. It was available for the taking.

Something similar to the pregnancy of Mary happened in North East India in the 19th Century. A woman stood in a temple before a statue of Siva and a flood of light came from the image and entered her person. Soon afterwards she became aware that she was pregnant. In a dream, her husband was told by the god, Vishnu, that he was going to be born as his son.

After the birth in 1836, the infant was called Gadahar. In his seventh year he began to have trances and become rigid. As a young man he was employed as a priest to the goddess, Kali. His intense passion for her blossomed into a vision in which he was aware of a dazzling, infinite ocean of Spirit that engulfed him and caused him to lose outward consciousness. The vision had such an impact on him that he was unable to carry out his duties and his mother thought it was time he married.

So the 23 year old Gadahar married a five year old girl. The marriage remained unconsumated. He entered a period of spiritual development. He mastered the various tantric practices and then the vedic. He met Mohammed and Jesus Christ. During this period his name changed to Ramakrishna.

Settling near Calcutta, the capital of British India, he became a centre of spiritual renewal. He could be described as the glorious sunset of the Piscean Age, for the duality of this age flowed through his teaching. He identified two enemies — women and money. Yet his pursuit of Vivekananda was as intense as any lovers. Despite his great spirituality he devoted no energy to healing or social service. Although he entered into the heights of his own divinity he remained a worshipper of Kali. He died in 1886 of cancer of the throat.

Vivekananda, to whom Ramakrishna passed on his power, was a dominating and inspiring man of authority and organising ability. Through him the name of Ramakrishna was spread world wide — but associated with many worthwhile things that Ramakrishna had not expressed — education, reform, social work and a disciplined monastic order.

Jesus, Gadahar and Gopi Nath all grew up among ordinary people. Each was an outstanding individual and the actions of one could not be mistaken for the actions of the other. Even popular images could not be confused. The infant with Mother is always Jesus, the child, dependent on Mother is Ramakrishna, the mature man, equal to Mother is Gopi Nath. The liberal

theologians of the Western World in the 1960s proclaimed the era of man-come-of-age. They did not know that in Kashmir there was a man who had.

Gopi Nath was a man who had no need to experience various religions. He did not see people separated by beliefs and customs. He was universal Man who saw everything as one unity.

Jesus travelled constantly instructing people and preparing a group of disciples to take his message into the world. Ramakrishna trained a group of young men and conveyed his power to Vivekananda. Gopi Nath did none of these things. During his last seven years in Srinagar, he usually only left his seat for calls of nature. (Once, just prior to the end of the Sino-Indian War in 1962, he went out at 11 p.m. Next day he was asked where he had gone and he replied, "To Tibet, to settle matters.") Certainly the room of 7 metres by 4 metres was constantly filled with guests who were lifted above their woes by his presence. Often the stairs outside were crowded too. The fact that 20000 people attended his cremation would indicate that he was respected. But if people loved him, it was not because of his desire. He did not utilise their devotion to make disciples. He encouraged people to find other gurus, if they sought one.

It was egolessness that impressed people who knew him. After coming through his agony he seemed never to act for purely personal reasons. For example, he had no need to bathe because his body naturally gave forth a pleasant aroma. In 30 years he was only known to have bathed twice — and one of these times in icy water during a record freeze. As the cold wave abated after his bath, his friends assumed that he bathed to free Kashmir from the grip of the intense cold.

He organised no social work. He himself was a sort of charitable institution. Even when people were giving generously to him, very little of it went to himself and the family where he stayed. There were always too many needy people — especially in summer when sadhus came to Kashmir from all parts of India. His own needs were few. After his agony, his eating requirements were minimal and he was often faced with the problem of being fed more than he wanted. During the final eight months of his life he only had four meals — and these only after much coaxing.

Without belonging to any sort of religious order, he lived a rare combination of detachment, asceticism and everyday life. Gopi Nath was committed to society. In fact, people who knew

him believed that he held Kashmir society together. It seemed that he remained as a nurse and guardian of Kahmir during the period of invasions, and did not leave it until it was established in peace and security.

A final question must be considered. Was he God incarnate? We have looked at Jesus Christ and Ramakrishna because the followers of both consider that their earthly lives were god appearing as human form. Christian and Hindu concepts are different. In Christianity, the incarnation of the Son of God was a once only event. Yet, because the purpose was to bring those already born into a new birth as children of God, the incarnation was an eternal event in which every receptive person could share.

Hinduism calls an incarnation of a god, an avatar, who is simply a being from a higher and purer state who comes to a lower one to raise the consciousness of the lower beings. Traditionally, Vishnu was the god who incarnated. He was the fish that brought Manu and the Sapta Rishi to safety at the time of the Great Flood and appeared as Rama, victor over Ravana and later a Krishna during the period of the Great Indian War. Some consider Buddha as an incarnation and some consider Ramakrishna as an avatar.

The concept of the avatar is found in Saivism even though this philosophy holds that everything is naturally divine. It finds a place because, Siva as the multitude has forgotten his real nature. Hence an incarnation uncovers his true nature more readily than other people. The role of the avatar is to give spiritual power so that human beings can rise from bondage and ignorance into a glorious illumination. The avatar himself is the funnel through which people pass for transformation, but this does not happen on a grand scale until the avatar leaves his limited, physical existence. The purpose of his years on earth is for him to identify with the spirit of the age and with the Earth itself. He does not call people to imitate him — his ways are too superhuman.

For those who accept him, Jesus was the incarnation of the One God. Ramakrishna was the incarnation of the God of all religions.

Certainly Gopi Nath lived out the role of the avatar, and Hindus have no difficulty in describing him as God Incarnate. But there is something different about him. S.N. Fotedar says of him . . . "began as a mortal, became divine and merged in

Paramatman" (The Most High). He did not come down from a higher level.

So it might be best to take Bhagawan Ji out of the realm of God and gods, and let him simply be Man grown up to full stature. Perhaps to reinforce the view that he was Man (Purusha), he saved one part of his body intact through the fires of cremation. After his physical body had been burnt, the cremation officer found the atlas vertebra still perfectly intact. The officer showed it to all present, commenting that this was the first time he had seen this happen, even though he had burnt thousands of bodies. In India the atlas vertebra is called Purusha.

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The Earth may seem like the carcass of a dead giant whose body is exploited by myriads of puny creatures. It may seem to be asleep and unaware, but it is not sleeping. It is abundantly alive with that supreme imageless stillness that is often expressed as the goal of human meditation.

Across its surface stirs the wind of Time and the myriads breathe Time's deadly air. Eyes reach up through its mists and see Kali dancing in intoxication, teeth bared and her necklace of skulls clunking. Some, like Ramakrishna adore her; others like Vivekananda at Khir Bhawani look into her motherly face and see death.

Whirlwinds of light from the ether above move across the face of Earth, sometimes pausing for ages in the one lovely place, sometimes dashing in balls of energy through the air, but always wreathing around the mighty mountains. This creative energy — Sakti, Spirit of God, Spirit of the Dreaming, Orgone — gives life to all, and happy are the creatures most open to it. Gopi Nath mastered this energy.

Great Powers of the Universe press their images on the landscape of the Earth, leaving impressions like the Glastonbury Zodiac and the hills and valleys where fairies and other spirit-beings are sometimes seen. Infants drawing their first breath receive an imprint that moulds the remainder of their lives.

Archetypal Consciousnesses appear on Earth and hosts of weaker consciousnesses become captive to them. Creative ones cause the ground to blossom. Destructive ones devastate the earth.

But the Earth itself continues its own deep meditation. Sometimes it heaves and fragments of its dreams break through its surface. It is more powerful than the sum of the creatures who draw sustenance from it. But it lets its power flow slowly in a life giving stream.

Earth is the Great Sakti. Each goddess on Earth is a dream of the Earth. To hear the whispers of the Mother, one must attune to the powers in their natural settings. But more than that, those of us who are awakening, must call the Earth to stir in her imageless meditation, and to release more of her dreaming so that we might live in harmony.

Seeking Earth's Dreaming

THE RETURN

Stuck in its perpetual haze, Delhi, India, lay in the tense stillness that preceded the monsoons. The daytime air seemed too hot to breathe. The city had known too much agony for too long and Philip was gripped by a paralysis that was the accumulation of his personal frustration, and the cacophany of car horns, beggars' hands, of human bodies in motion and a heat that glued perspiration around his body and perpetually dried his mouth.

Phillip had set out on another journey to explore further the Guide of humanity and the Queen of the Goddesses in Kashmir and to return to Australia to participate in a gathering to awaken the spiritual energies of the Earth. The plan was to stay alone at the Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji Ashram for a month and by the time of the Fire Ceremony to commemorate Bhagawan Ji's departure from his mortal body, to be joined by Jann and Red Mitchell from Australia and the ex-Ashram priest from South India, Athmananda.

It had not been Philip's intention to stay in Delhi. By booking an Indian Airline ticket in Australia, he had assumed that he would fly to Kashmir after only a five hour wait at Delhi airport. But it was not to be. The ticket booked in Australia was on a plane flying to Srinagar, but not taking passengers from Delhi to Srinagar. He was given number 163 on the waiting list for the next flight, and he waited with two other wait list Europeans (who had unrecorded bookings from their own countries) as hordes of Indians surrounded the airport officials, shouting and waving tickets. Already worn from 24 hours of flight and waiting at airports, he decided to book on the first confirmable flight, three days later.

He then stayed for a night in an expensive airconditioned hotel and next day he booked a room in the hotel where he had once met Bhagawan Ji in the inner region above his head.

But this time that realm was silent. In his room when there was not a blackout, a ceiling fan swung wildly, distributing the

heat. At night, naked under the fan, Philip still perspired. During the day he sought refuge in airconditioned hotels and restaurants, and fed the knot of sickness in his stomach with a host of small meals.

He tried to use the two days as days of review — lifting himself out of Delhi into his memory to see whether he had begun to carry out the instruction given 2½ years earlier by Bhagawan Ji. At that time, in the same hotel, Bhagawan Ji had said that what was needed were ashrams linked with power points on the earth.

Beginning steps had been made. Now there were four of them living in a house in the Blue Mountains, Australia. Sometimes Bhagawan Ji's presence appeared with power — perhaps to convey his vibration, or his healing or some other hoped for miracle.

The house was called "The Ashram" and it stood beside a main road in the residential area, Winmalee. The place had not achieved the unselfish unity of a true spiritual community, but there was peace there and daily meditation.

A power point near the ashram had been recognised. It was called "The Grotto" and amid ferns and dripping water from the cliff above stood the Virgin and Divine Child in marble. There was a memorial cairn for killed bushwalkers, and a large maternal rock that seemed to be the centre of power and blue gum trees.

Early visits showed that it was a special place, and at one meditation Jann was given a concise statement of the spiritual journey,

"I am here within you
I am here within
I am here
I am
I"

In fact, whenever the Power spoke in the mind of a person, it spoke in terms of the mystical life. For example, a friend just beginning the inward journey was told to take off his wedding ring (meaning, "become detached").

Before his visit to Nepal and the initial meeting with Bhagawan Ji, Philip sought a message. It had no relevance at the time, but later experiences revealed its importance. "In this world the Spirit of God has, in the past, come forth as a tribal, sect or national spirit because it appeared clothed only in some aspects

of the Universal Consciousness in Man. Now as people open to and experience their bodies (i.e. the microcosm of the Universe), Nature, Spirit and the world itself, a universal expression becomes possible."

Before Red Mitchell went there for the first time he had said that it makes no difference where you meditate. But in his first meditation there, he smelt sweet perfumes and heard a whirlwind above his head — two ways that Powers seem to show their delight in meeting a compatible consciousness. Other people too had smelt sweet perfumes there, and Jann and Philip had seen pin points of light dart around the maternal rock.

Not everyone who meditated at The Grotto was given special experiences. But whatever part of the person's consciousness was open to it received its imprint. Tired bodies found refreshment, open emotions gained peace, the receptive mind, instruction and the freed spirit, interaction with the Powers of Nature.

One time while Philip walked near The Grotto, he glimpsed a light form. Later in the morning while meditating at The Ashram, his consciousness was raised above him, and he was aware of a powerful feminine presence who identified herself as an angel of Khir Bhawani. This enigmatic identification made no sense at the time, but a possible explanation came later when Philip met Bhagawan Ji's nephew in Kashmir. Philip was told that one reason Bhagawan Ji gave for not going beside the spring at Khir Bhawani was that he did not want to walk on the heads of those who were in perpetual prayer there. Perhaps the presence who spoke to Philip in the meditation was one of these beings.

In the conversation she questioned whether Philip should continue in his daily work when he could be using his time to come closer to the source of Power. In answer to Philip's practical explanations, she offered him permanent residence at Khir Bhawani shrine, but this did not seem practicable either.

The four people from The Ashram began to link notable features of the Australian landscape with Kashmir, the hub of the world. This they did through visits, meditation and leaving Kashmiri gifts.

Linking sites of power in the environment with the hub of the world was important because it was an activity that broke through the limitations of space. But it was also important to break through time and make a link with the aboriginal culture that had cherished the Australian environment for tens of thousands of years. The aboriginal lifestyle had modified the

landscape, but not to the point of disturbing its ecological balance, and their life patterns were based on the unity with the Powers in the environment.

The people at The Ashram were fortunate in meeting a wise aboriginal elder from the South Coast of New South Wales. His name was Guboo Ted Thomas. He had been born on walkabout, educated under white paternalism, found a place in white society, received the Holy Spirit power and began recovering the sacred regions of his tribal landscape. It was a matter of recovering, for only some of the sites could be remembered by the oldest aborigines, and only the general direction of the spirit tracks were still known.

Sometimes interesting interaction took place between the Powers in Australia and Kashmir. For example, at an aboriginal place, Ulan near Mudgee, Philip met a masculine force coming from the locality. Jann felt nothing of it, but the atmosphere of Khir Bhawani surrounded her. While in this state she had a vision of two rocks. She sketched their shape in her diary. A week later Jann and Philip sat with Guboo on top of his sacred mountain, Mumbulla. While in meditation the elder was instructed by his great spirit, Daruma, to take Jann and Philip to "female" rocks at two separate sites. As soon as Jann saw them, she recognised them as ones she had seen in her vision!

On that journey of discovery, they were accompanied by John and Pat McNally and Geoff and Vara Whale.

Whenever possible, Philip and Jann loved to meditate with Red Mitchell. With him great power was generated and great experiences and insights resulted. He had grown up as a Quaker in the United States of America, and worked as a forester in Hawaii, Korea, China and Australia. As a man of peace, he made abiding friends wherever he went. Having accepted Maharishi Mahesh Yogi as guru, he associated himself with the Transcendental Meditation movement in Australia. He was asked by them to make a survey of usable pine timber on a property bought to be the TM headquarters in Australia.

On the property he found two places that seemed to carry timeless power. He invited Guboo to visit them. At the first site Guboo found grooves in the rocks, and these, he suspected, were caused by aborigines sharpening sticks against the rock. The second site was a solitary rock overlooking a valley. Because of its majestic peace, Guboo considered that it had been a Dreaming site for a tribal elder. Philip recognised a similar feeling to the rock, now shattered, where the last aboriginal

elder of the hunting and gathering lifestyle in Guboo's tribal territory would contact the fragments of his tribe scattered through the forest below Mumbulla Mountain.

The rock on the TM property held memories of mileniums spent in timelessness when men, creatures, vegetation and natural features lived in the one reality that was the outflow of the Dreaming. Philip had once asked, "If you had to explain 'Dreaming' in one word, what would you say?"

Guboo replied, "Eternity."

"You mean a timelessness in which time is contained and a spacelessness in which space is contained?" Philip asked. Guboo neither agreed or disagreed.

In Delhi Philip felt trapped by time and place. His lonely individuality could not unite with the non-being around him. He could not lose his isolation into the world of buildings, noise and mechanical movement, or even with other hotel guests who were finding their private unity in hashish and cocaine.

Yet in the Dreaming days the sun rose, reached its zenith and set and the Australian tribesmen lived on an Earth where life energies radiated from specific places to satisfy such needs as healing, sustenance, social harmony and wisdom. In some places it was channelled through people, others through plants and animals. In other places a person just sat and absorbed, and in other places sound and movement opened the energy flow. And there were specific times for specific actions. Really, the Dreaming seemed like bondage to time and place, and for that reason white people often called it "Dreamtime" and explained the term by saying that it had a beginning when the Ancestors travelled certain tracks and created forms, beings and power sites and gave the rules to sustain tribal life. But then the explanation had to continue that Dreamtime was not a period of time but an everpresent "now". But the aborigines themselves preferred the term "Dreaming". The word gave a picture of a dream constantly appearing in the mind of Being, and the dream was all things in the world.

So in the 40000 years of Dreaming in aboriginal Australia there was perhaps only one experience of Being — a multitude of births and deaths certainly, but only one Being that found no difference with the environment or with any life form.

Aboriginal people lived as individuals, but always at the top of their heads and deep within them was the timeless Energy and Consciousness that was also present in the high places of the

Earth and within the Earth. Aborigines called this consciousness and energy, "spirit". To be aware of the Dreaming, "spirit" had to be awake, and this wakefulness let people see that the One and Many were not separate.

Aborigines were the most spiritual people in the world, the most mystical. In the isolation of the Great South Land they retained what other peoples of the world lost. The other peoples advanced technically, the aborigines, spiritually.

But now they lived in a contemporary world where a person with an awakened spirit was rare. And the polluting power of greed was imprisoning more and more peoples in materialism that not only killed the spirit but also numbed the mind.

A halt to this tendency was to be proclaimed at the end of Philip's journey in Kashmir, when Jann and Red and Philip and Guboo intended to climb a mountain on the south Coast of New South Wales and acknowledge the renewing of the Dreaming in Australia and the restoration of unity in the world.

But Philip discovered a different kind of power beneath the Earth in Delhi. He saw people disappearing underground in a park near Connaught Place. He decided to follow them. He walked through a short tunnel and suddenly music burst around him and a mass of colour from a multitude of shops and crowds of people from all parts of the world in all kinds of clothing. He stood, overwhelmed by its airconditioned splendour.

THE WATCHMAN AT KHIR BHAWANI

For thirty years Swami Amrit Ananda has lived at the spring of Khir Bhawani.

He had left his position as publicity secretary in the Sivananda Ashram in Rishi Kesh. He crossed the first range of the Himalayas and found a guru to serve in Kashmir, but the old saint died and the Swami went to the shrine of Gupta Ganga. Here he listened to the famous Saivite scholar, Lachman Joo. Next day he saw a Kashmiri sadhu with hands partly covering his face and puffing a chellum. He went to the man and after kneeling down to greet him, was given a new chellum. He filled it and puffed it.

"What do you want?" the Kashmiri sadhu asked.

Swami Amrit Ananda had nothing to say. He was transfixed by bliss. The sadhu laughed and went on to tell Swami Amrit Ananda incidents from his past life, including his most closely kept secrets. Swami Amrit Ananda had met Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji.

Bhagawan Ji instructed Swami Amrit Ananda to go the shrine of Khir Bhawani and remain there. That was in 1950. The Swami obeyed.

On the day after arriving in Kashmir, Philip set out with Pran Ji, secretary of the Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji Trust, to visit the shrine. They went by crowded bus for the day was a festival day. Philip had stomach pains from a dysentery attack the night before.

They met Swami Amrit Ananda while he washed bowls in the canal near the shrine. He was a tall man with the bearing of an aristocrat and eyes of infinite calmness. Taking Pran Ji and Philip to his room, he prepared himself for noonday worship. He soon left the room, but returned about half an hour later. Philip switched on his tape recorder and began to ask questions.

"What makes Khir Bhawani a sacred place?" Philip asked.

Swami Amrit spoke English with an extensive command of vocabulary, but Philip found his accent difficult. "The name Khir Bhawani was given by the Sapta Rishi. The name means 'Milk Goddess', but it describes the offerings given to the Bhagawati, not her nature.

"This is a sacred place because, first, there is no pollution. The place is always pure because there is an unsullied power coming out from the spring. Second, the prayers and worship of the people make a compatible atmosphere. There are people always in prayer around the spring. Not only Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji, but other great saints say that they can see them. Because of these two features, there is a special vibration here. This special vibration helps a person to know his atman, which is his soul. In this way a man can come to universal consciousness by staying at this place.

"It has changed. Once it was always a serene place. People would walk from Srinagar or travel by the river and they would arrive here in a peaceful state of mind ready to worship the Bhagawati. Bhagawan Ji would come here to get away from the many demands of the city. People would not leave him alone. He would come here for peace and I would serve him. Now it is

different. There are no saints like Bhagawan Ji any more, and people come here by bus."

"How would you explain the changes in the colour of the water of the spring?" Philip asked.

"Sometimes the water might be bright pink, sometimes green, sometimes white and during the two Pakistani Wars it was black. When it was black many people came here to pray so it would change colour. The reason for its changes in colour is that it is a mystic lake. It is based on spirituality. The Bhagawati can appear as a light or as a sound. She has a symbolic form. It is called a chakra. Sometimes the chakra appears on the surface of the water. On clear days and at night and in the early morning, lines can be seen. These lines too are her symbolic form.

"But the Bhagawati is everywhere. You can meet her anywhere in the world. She is like Bhagawan Ji because you can get him, you can meet him anywhere."

"What is Khir Bhawani's relationship to the Sapta Rishi?" asked Philip.

"When the goddess first came here from Lanka and changed into water form and became a spring, many beings came to greet her. The Sapta Rishi came. They were in the form of crows. They wanted to offer her puja. They said to her, 'What food can we give you?' She said, 'Ravana my worshipper in Lanka, he offered me meat every day. You give me milk.' From that time the offerings have been milk or milk products. That is how she came to be called Khir Bhawani."

"I have been told that misfortune comes to people who try to offer wrong foods," said Philip.

"Sometimes Communists or unbelievers come here to prove that there is no living power here. But sickness or some calamity strikes them before they reach the gates to the shrine. It is the custom for worshippers to bathe and put on clean clothing before going to the spring. On the day of worshipping, people do not eat meat or eggs or onions."

People were coming and going in the room, leaving thongs or shoes and interrupting Swami Amrit Ananda. A man rushed in and noisily greeted the Swami. Soon he was puffing at a chellum. Philip went outside and wandered across the grassy flats near the willows and canals. Then he went into the fenced area near the spring. Here a few hundred people sat around, made offerings or sang or walked around the pond. Philip

looked down amid the mass of petals of flowers almost totally covering the water — and saw that the water was a pleasant grey. Khir Bhawani was obviously happy, but pensive.

THE SANSKRIT SCHOLAR & THE ANCIENT MARINER

They were in the Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji Ashram where, under the benevolent gaze of the statue of Bhagawan Ji all human status is lost. Philip was sitting on the floor beside Professor Dhar, president of the Gopi Nath Trust, ex-professor of Sanskrit, director of a research institution and author of scholarly books. Clearly and beautifully he retold the story of Khir Bhawani's arrival in Kashmir as narrated in an ancient manuscript he had recently translated from Sanskrit to English. But, at times, he deferred to a man who, like the ancient mariner in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem, had a story that would not wait.

Professor Dhar's narrative lifted the story of Khir Bhawani out of the realm of fable. In the manuscript she was called "Ragyna" and it made no mention of her being called Khir Bhawani by the Sapta Rishi crows. The manuscript was, in fact, a discourse given by the world protector, Bhairava to the question, "Who is this Maha Ragyna who has come to Kashmir and where did she come from?"

Professor Dhar said that one of the difficulties of translating into English is that the meaning of names is lost. The name of the goddess in Lanka was Shama and this name meant the all powerful primeval energy. Another title given was "The One without a Second". She had no male partner. This meant that her energy was untainted, ever creative, yet ever expressing the pure power of the Earth. Her change of name to Ragyna was significant. "Rag" means attachment to the world and the things of the world. In Kashmir she is associated with responsibility to society and nature.

Ravana, king of Lanka, who worshipped her had a control of energy unknown since his day. His mastery of the Earth and the realms above and below indicated that his conquests were scientific. The word "Ravana" means the dissolution of the universe. It could be said that he was able to reduce matter to its

subatomic energy. But his moral development did not keep pace with his growth in scientific matters. He belonged to the Brahman caste. His misconduct showed he was not a true Brahman at heart. Yet he was not a demon as often portrayed. It was the habit of earlier peoples to call their enemies, demons.

Western historians tend to date him as having lived about 3000 years ago, but Indian scholars, basing their studies on the ancient knowledge of the gradual change in the times of equinoxes, believe that he lived about 6500 years ago.

Hanuman, who flew to Lanka to rescue the wife of Rama from the clutches of Ravana, although popularly portrayed as a monkey, in reality, had few monkey characteristics. He was more likely a leader of a forest dwelling tribe which, like the Australian aborigines, had developed supernatural powers. It was Hanuman who carried the all powerful primeval energy to her site amid the swamps of Tulamulla.

Professor Dhar said that the shape of the spring was the same shape as a rosary container and if a line was drawn between the places she visited on first coming to Kashmir from Lanka, the same shape could be seen. She was the goddess of the rosary. Within the last few centuries when the exact location of the spring had been forgotten, a man was instructed in a vision to set out in a boat across the swamps, and, at a certain stage of his journey, a snake would guide him. The snake led the man to the spring which he marked with a pole and then led him around it. Each time the snake changed direction, the man pushed a pole into the water. The swampy area around the spring was filled in with dry ground carried to the site in boats and the marked area became the boundary of the spring's pond. That is how the pond of Khir Bhawani came to be the shape of a rosary container.

Was Khir Bhawani the originator of the rosary? History is silent. It is known that the rosary is a part of Saivite and Mahayana Buddhist devotion, and both of these religions had their roots in the Kashmir region. The Moslems were said to have derived their rosary from the conquered Buddhist lands to the North West of Kashmir, and the Christians were said to have derived theirs from the Moslems at the time of the crusades. In each religion the rosary is different. Its form in the Catholic Church was given as a direct revelation to Saint Dominic from the Virgin Mary. This rosary culminated with beads for the assumption of the Virgin and her coronation in

heaven. The Catholic Church has a special day each October to commemorate Our Lady of the Rosary.

Saint Dominic was born in 1170 A.D. He lived during a period when Western Europe was infused with a new creative vitality. It was a time of spiritual revival marked by a renewed devotion to the Queen of Heaven. The two great saints of the period, Dominic and Francis of Assisi, both had a passion for the Virgin, for sacred landscape and for unity. Each expressed the inner urge very differently. Dominic is remembered for the rosary, for encouraging crusades and for the inquisition. The crusades were to keep the sacred places of Palestine open to Christian pilgrims and the inquisition was meant to stamp out heresy. With St Francis the things of nature were his brothers and sisters, and his zeal for unity took him on missions of love to the Moslems.

For Western Europe it was a time of energy and growth, but not for Kashmir. Three centuries earlier the valley had been the heart of a small empire. From an incident recorded in the history book "Rajatarangini" it was obvious that the power of Khir Bhawani was operative then. A group of brahmans living near the shrine went to King Jayapida to complain about his cruelty and unbridled greed. In the course of the disagreement one of the brahmans cursed the king and a golden rod fell on his head giving him a serious injury from which he died. But by the twelfth century Kashmir was in chaos. The once prosperous farming area around Khir Bhawani was returning to swamp and soon, in fearful tribulation, the site of the sacred spring was to become concealed in marshes, and the devotion to the goddess was to diminish to almost nothing as the majority of the population became moslems under moslem rulers.

Professor Dhar mentioned the colour changes of the water. "The moods of the great goddess are reflected in the colour given to the water."

"And the moods of Kashmir as a whole?" Philip asked.

"Yes!" Professor Dhar exclaimed, "The moods of the whole world!"

He went on to explain how the water was taken for chemical analysis, and it was found to be simply water. For the colour changes there was no scientific explanation. "A supreme spirit is beyond reason," he said.

The voyager from the seas of time had a message. To have discovered that the seemingly endless journey through cycles of

being born, procreating and dying was a short thing if a person could rise to the consciousness of Brahma was to have discovered a supreme secret. Gwasha Lal Malla gave his secret to Philip along with a small piece of acacia wood that the poor chew to aid digestion.

He had once been obsessed by the contrast between the seemingly endless weariness of his life and the statement that the whole of humanity's existence on Earth was only a small part of one day in the life of Brahma (in fact, one Brahma's day is 2 160 million years). Going to Bhagawan Ji with the problem, he was given an empty chellum to puff by one of the people present. Feeling giddy he left, but collapsed in the street and someone took him home. At 11 p.m. it was reported to Bhagawan Ji that the man was still unconscious. Bhagawan Gopi Nath said, "It doesn't matter. He's all right. Put this piece of sugar in his mouth." At about 2 o'clock he returned to his senses. During the trance he had lived many cycles of life and he understood how one day of Brahma could be equal to millions of years. The man in his poverty had nestled in the heart of the Absolute and in great enjoyment, had seen outward life flow by.

Philip gazed at Gwasha Lal Malla. Here was a man who had sailed to the far distant shore where eternity absorbed energy to manifest as time — and he had come back. After a period of silence Philip asked Professor Dhar, "Is it true that Khir Bhavani is the queen of all the goddesses of the world?"

"She is, as her appellation or title holds, Maha Ragyna, the towering queen, the great world goddess. As I explained before, the word 'rag' means attachment — being in the world. She is the energy of the world and is therefore the energy of everything that is in the world. The goddess does not proclaim that the world is to be abjured." Professor Dhar went on to expound the beautiful Kashmiri Saivite doctrine of salvation through the enjoyment of the world. But Philip was only partly listening. His mind was captivated by the thought that, out there, at the simple pond, the primal energy that was the reality of the world's existence radiated out to the network of other power points in the world and was giving being to Earth and its multitude of life forms. No wonder Bhagawan Ji, whose perceptions were not limited by the five senses, found its dazzling light-energy too powerful for his eyes.

THE DAUGHTER & GRANDSON OF KHIR BHAWANI

Philip sat in the room with Janaki Devi and her son Triloki Nath. He was speaking with people who simply accepted that the blood of Khir Bhawani flowed through them. Yet they lived an ordinary, middleclass life. Triloki Nath was an accountant and complained of hypertension.

"Bhagawan Gopi Nath Bhan?" he said. "He was my uncle. I was brought up by him. He would sit beside me at night, and in cold weather put blankets back on me if they came off. He was a good uncle. He looked after me well. But he was much more. His family was everyone — poor or rich, Hindus, Moslems and the godless, everyone. That was his family, but he treated us as family in the ordinary way. He told people to live in the ordinary way and that is how he lived."

"What was Hari Mala like?" Hari was the mother of both Bhagawan Ji and Janaki Devi.

The question was referred to Janaki Devi who could not speak English. The answer came back, "She was too young to remember. Her mother died when she was five years of age. Bhagawan, who was 15 years older than her looked after her from that time on."

"But she must have heard about her mother from other members of the family. Did, for example, they believe that she was an embodiment of Khir Bhawani?" Philip asked.

The question did not reach Janaki Devi. Triloki Nath answered, "She was. She was very poor, but she did not have to be. The man she married was a very pious man whose father was holding a big estate. The father married again when he was old and the young woman he married was very greedy. She took away everything. The result was that my grandfather just left the property and lived in rented houses. He gave up everything. Even when the family had almost nothing my grandmother was always helping people. What she had lost she never wanted to get it again. She could have got back the estate, but she never tried to gain it."

"Perhaps you could tell me some incidents that would give an impression of what she was like," Philip requested. Govind Koul who had known her, said of her, "She pleased everyone."

Janaki was given the question in Kashmiri, but she did not accept responsibility to answer. Triloki Nath continued, "She was a pious lady. She was always helping the poor — serving people. That was the function of her family. The family

had no greed of its own. All her three sons were saints from the birth they had been given. They were all renounced men. The oldest brother never married. He would work in the day, but he would be all night in meditation. The youngest brother grew up in another family. He had been adopted. But he was the same. All three brothers were the same type. When the youngest brother died I went to Bhagawan to ask him to come and pay his last respects. He said, 'He was just here with me. There is nothing to see there'. So he would not come. All the brothers had special abilities." Triloki Nath went on to tell typical anecdotes to illustrate Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji's supernatural power.

After they had drunk afternoon tea, Philip had one final question. He hesitated to ask but he did. "Does the family have any belief why Khir Bhawani incarnated as Hari Mala?"

"My grandmother had a mission," Triloki Nath said. "It was to give physical form to Bhagawan. Perhaps that is all. For such people to come into the universe, they need a special birth." And then he pondered the thought for a while and said, "Perhaps it is Bhagawan's mission to complete the mission of Khir Bhawani."

THE SILENCE OF MR ZADOO

It was Mr Zadoo whom Bhagawan Ji had sent to convey his greetings to the Sapta Rishi rocks on Hari Parvat. The relationship between Bhagawan Ji and Mr Zadoo had been long and intimate. According to Bhagawan Ji it had lasted over seven births.

Mr Zadoo was the St John among the devotees. He heard the secret whispers from the heart of the Bhagawan and ten years after his death, wrote them down in verse and philosophical discourses. He was an apostle of love, but an armourless love that held him in a lifelong attachment to Khir Bhawani and temporary attachments to other saintly men.

While Bhagawan Ji was alive, he was protected and guided, but when Bhagawan Ji died, the forces of darkness engulfed him.

Years later he was taken to a mass meeting conducted by the miracle-worker, Sai Baba. The saint came down from the stage and went to Mr Zadoo. "Your guru has directed me to heal you. What is wrong with you?" Sai Baba asked.

Mr Zadoo replied simply, "I am mad."

Sai materialised some sacred ash and gave it to Mr Zadoo. Mr Zadoo was healed.

When he returned to Kashmir he found a man waiting to sell him land to build a house. It was a beautiful block of land on the shore of Dal Lake at Rainwari. Many people wanted to buy it, but the seller felt that he had to save it for Mr Zadoo.

The land adjoined a small temple built around a tree. It was one of eleven such places spread through the Srinagar district. Each was centred on a tree. They were places of protection and they provided a network of protection throughout the Kashmir Valley. Each site was called a Bhairava.

Philip had met Mr Zadoo on a previous visit and was eager to talk to him again and ask questions about the mission of Khir Bhawani and Bhagawan Ji. Mr Malla offered to accompany him. A batchelor member of the Ashram, Mr Malla spent four hours a day in meditation and gave almost all his money to help the poor.

When Philip and Mr Malla were shown into Mr Zadoo's bedroom, they saw a pale, frail man propped up on his mattress against the wall. He gave no sign of recognition. They sat on the floor near him. He exchanged a few sentences in Kashmiri with Mr Malla.

Mr Zadoo's son-in-law spoke fluent English and discussed international and domestic matters. Then he talked about his house.

"This is a miraculous place," he said. "I will tell you a couple of examples from the past few weeks. There is always something special happening." He went on to tell how, a few days earlier, a houseboat had moored illegally nearby and for three nights running the woman on the houseboat would be screaming out that someone was strangling her. On the first night the son-in-law went to see what was happening, but he found that the woman was dreaming. After the third night the woman's husband came to see him and asked for help. He explained that the houseboat was moored near a Bhairava which could bring trouble to people not attuned to it. The houseboat moved.

Then, a couple of weeks earlier, the son-in-law had hired a gardener from the University where he worked as Assistant Registrar. After the man had done the gardening, he refused payment because he had seen a figure of light in the garden, and that was reward enough.

"How far around the Bhairava would its influence spread? Would it spread, for example, for 100 metres?" Philip asked.

"At least that distance. I couldn't say how far. There is a real power coming from it," replied the son-in-law.

After having tea, Philip and Mr Malla left. Philip discovered no secrets from the heart of Bhagawan Ji and Khir Bhawani. Mr Zadoo had only looked blankly at Philip whenever he spoke to him. However, the son-in-law assured them, the few sentences he had spoken to Mr Malla were the most he had spoken for months.

BY DOONGATO KHIR BHAWANI

The Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ashram's meeting hall was a first floor room where there was a statue of Bhagawan Ji and relics from his earthly life. Here people came to sit during the day and to join in a song service each evening. It also owned four rooms in a nearby house. The ground floor room was used for storage of building material. On the first floor was an office, a sales room and the room in which Philip stayed. On the floor above were tenants. The Ashram wished to buy this section, but the owner was only willing to sell at an excessive price.

The place was in the old city and shared its poverty. Each house or group of houses had a dry toilet and a single tap in the yard. A sweeper cleaned the yards, lanes and toilets yet the runny faeces from the toilets would merge in the gutters with the food scraps and the urine and turds of people who used the lanes as their toilets. There was a junior primary school beneath the ashram meeting hall, but it had no toilet at all. Dogs and cows lived in the lanes and fed on food scraps.

Traditionally ashrams were placed beside power points in lovely natural settings. Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji Ashram was near a small Hindu temple, and even though the priest would

blast the neighbourhood with his chanting through a blurred loudspeaker at dawn each morning, the harmonious beauty of the goddess had little access to the lives in the neighbourhood.

Philip's room had its share of visitors. First there came a family of six mice. After a few days he grew tired of their company and killed one, and that night one fell in the scrap bucket and drowned. The mice visited less frequently. Then red lumps began to appear on his legs and arms. He went to a chemist to buy ointment to soothe them. People of the ashram saw them and asked questions about their origin. Philip thought that they were insect bites. But that evening he found a flat creature on his sleeping bag. He squashed it and found that it was full of blood. He had discovered bed bugs.

Mohan Tiku and Pran Ji entered the battle and with the help of a spray gun, subdued the enemies.

Each day there would be welcome visitors. Members of the ashram would call in to talk or take him to places of interest. Others would come to serve. The curious would come too, because a Westerner staying in the Hindu section of the old city was rare. A few came to him, as if to a holy man and expressed their needs and asked profound questions like, "Is God just or merciful?"

The constant factor was the invisible presence of Bhagawan Ji. When the ashram first considered buying the rooms, Sri Fotedar inspected them and everywhere he looked he saw his guru. The calm and kind presence remained so that Philip found it easy to meditate for long periods.

Jann and Red Mitchell arrived in time for the anniversary celebration of Bhagawan Ji's death. A lot of work had been done prior to the day, but the celebration began in the early hours of the morning with the lighting of a log fire and the recitation of ancient verse by priests and the rhythmic throwing of offerings on the fire. This continued until late afternoon while hundreds of people visited the ashram.

Then long cloths were laid out in the courtyard and in groups of 150 people, over 600 visitors were given a meal of rice and dhal. The last meals were served about 9 p.m., and some members of the ashram who had worked all the previous night and throughout the day, remained to clean up afterwards.

Next morning the three friends travelled to Daksum where they stayed for three days, finding refreshment amid rushing streams, conifer forests and ice filled ravines. At this place Red

began to hear the sound like tinkling bells or twanging strings that is the melody of Siva's dance amid the Himalayan peaks and valleys. This benevolent, conscious vibration seems to accumulate in the high mountains and, flowing with streams into the valleys, is stored at sacred sites in the lowlands. It seems that the Kashmiri lifestyle of about 1300 years ago was based on a knowledge of this vibration. The Nilamata Purana (The Teachings of Nila) was written during that period. "All the sacred places of the earth are there," the Purana states, and defines the places as the sacred springs and the holy mountains, the sacred rivers and lakes, the temples and the ashrams attached to them. In this holy landscape gardens and pleasure groves abounded, and the land resounded with the music of drums and lutes. Farming did not depend on rain, and with its rice fields, its fruit trees and varieties of grains, Kashmir did not know famine. It was thickly populated. Free of puritanism, the land was compared to a temple made graceful by the presence of tender ladies.

The life of the people seemed to be one of harmony and joy. From the Nilamata it seems that the culture was a blending of three main groups. The Nagas traditionally valued the springs and lakes and streams. As valley dwellers, their spiritual energy came through these natural features. It was understood as a serpent type of power. They are sometimes called the aboriginals of the region, and their insights into the character of the Kashmir Valley were obviously respected because, even though the Nilamata Purana was largely Indo-Aryan in attitude, most of its contents was the instruction of Nila, the undying divine king of the Nagas. The second group were the Piscas from the uplands. They probably worshipped Siva, the force of the mountain peaks. Then there were the Indo-Aryans, the dominant group at the time of the Nilamata Purana. It is interesting that, over the following centuries when all other groups accepted the imported Islamic culture, the Indo-Aryan minority has sought to retain the indigenous heritage of both the Nagas and the Piscas.

The Indo-Aryans saw Kashmir as a concentration of sacred sites. The whole land, to them, was the body of the goddess, Uma. Her ever cleansing nature was most forcibly embodied in the Jhellum River that flowed through the valley before breaking out of the Himalayan Mountains to enter Pakistan. The other major river rose near Ladakh and carried water from two major places of power — Amarnath Cave and Gangabal Lake. This river, the Sind, at the time of the Nilamata Purana, was considered to be the same as India's sacred river, the Ganges.

Near the junction of the Sind and Jhellum is a swampy area. It is alive with the power of the two great rivers of Kashmir. It is worth seeing what the rivers are. The Nilamata Purana regards the Jhellum River as the incarnation of Uma. Who is Uma? In the Netratantra, Siva says of her, "She is to be known in the same relation to me as heat is to fire. That power is the cause of the entire world. . . . That highest sakti is my will (intent on manifesting the world)." The Sind carries the unity consciousness from Amarnath Cave where Siva and Parvati were married, and the absolute transcendence of Gangabal Lake and Harmuhk Mountain where there is no creation, maintenance or dissolution of the world. With these three strands of Consciousness uniting there is the possibility of a new creation — and here the all pervading primal energy chose a site as the centre of her activities.

The swampy area is a place of unparalleled beauty. Its extent depends on the nature of the times — during periods of peace and good government, much of it becomes rice fields. The road to Khir Bhawani manages to avoid most of the natural beauty. The shrine itself has been drastically altered by earth filling, paving and the building of temples, residences and shops. The nearby village of Tulamulla, once a centre of spiritual authority, is now just an ordinary, predominantly Moslem village. The only way to gain an impression of the original loveliness of the place is to travel to Khir Bhawani by traditional methods — on foot or by a flat bottomed residential boat called a doonga. Jann, Red and Philip decided to travel by doonga. Athmananda from South India had not yet arrived.

Pran Ji arranged the hire of a doonga so that they would be at the shrine for the annual festival on the longest day of the year. The members of the ashram would man a stall on the day of the festival. It was not easy to find a doonga willing to go to Khir Bhawani. Once scores of doongas went to the festival, but now it was only a novelty. But Pran Ji succeeded, and the three Australians set out with five Kashmiris from the ashram, along with seven members of the doonga family and a hired labourer.

The drift down the Jhellum River was pleasant and at times the Kashmiris from the ashram would sing their beautiful songs accompanied by hand organ, drum and cymbals. After turning into the Sind River and then into one of its canals, the doonga was either poled along, or pulled by rope from the bank by the doonga people and passengers. It was a time of delight and merriment.

In the late afternoon the doonga nosed into a swampy area. Horses grazed on the islands or in the water. Grass and water weed grew in profusion. In a couple of places fishermen in flat boats were netting fish. Beyond the swamp, lofty hills linked sky and the abundant watery land.

Ahead was a bridge and a grassed roadway that quickly broke into islands before merging into the swamp. The doonga reached the bridge, but its roof was just a little too high, so everyone crowded to the bows and the boat was able to pass under.

Groves of willows lay reflected in the water, their symmetry disturbed by the passing of the doonga. A sun of shining gold began to sink down amid the trees. At that moment, it seemed to Philip that the Earth, in the stillness of its deep meditation lay in union with the Sun, and their combined energy gave form to the myriad of life forms in the swamp — each form a manifestation of joy. He was breathing slowly and he felt rapt in the same still meditation as the Earth. He had never known union with the Earth and its creative outflow before. Gazing at the sky he seemed to see, and then not to see, swirling masses of pin points of light, and he wondered if these were the conscious energies that bathed the globe in their thoughts and tried to raise the sentient creation into the bliss of the Universe.

As the doonga drew closer to the shrine, Philip hoped that he would become aware in greater measure, but when he heard loud speakers in the distance and was told by Pran Ji that they would continue all night his hope faded into the often felt despair over religion's unending effort to keep people from the Truth it is supposed to reveal.

Yet when Red and Philip picked their way through the hundreds of people surrounding the pond of Khir Bhawani for all night vigil, they discovered that the goddess had triumphed over her guardians. At first they looked at the slightly greenish water, already almost covered by flower petals. Then they walked around the spring. Stronger than all the outward noise, Red heard the divine melody he had heard amid the mountains of Daksum and Philip felt throughout his being that Motherly Earth presence that sustains its ungrateful children. Still in the doonga, Jann saw the eye that she associated with Maha Ragyna.

Early in the morning the ashramites opened their stall beside the path to the shrine. Behind them a tent had been pitched and beside them was the stall of the Ramakrishna Ashram. During

the heat of the day when beggars crouched in the shade of fence posts, the servers of the two ashrams continued to toil in the sun. During the day the three Australians assisted, strolled through tracks in the rice fields or chattered with new friends while about 8000 people visited the shrine.

In the afternoon, Jann, Red and Philip sat down on the floor of the tent near the stall. Soon their bodies were stirring slightly under the impact of the cosmic energy active within them. From outside came the pleasant polyphony of hundreds of people talking or singing. At times, through this ocean of sound the chanting of those who revered the goddess could be heard. Fortunately the loudspeakers were silent at that time.

Then the sound became the sound of all peoples gathered around the pool of the Earth. The pool was an orb of light, giving out a pinkish vibration. It was a song, that vibrated out, wave upon wave to give contentment to all receptive people and creatures. It was an energy, like milk and love united. And sometimes people attuned themselves to the divine outflow from the hub of the Earth and their chanting merged with universal harmony and strengthened the song of the earth for the benefit of all.

Slowly the universal song faded into the sounds of people at the shrine of Khir Bhawani. Jann, Red and Philip left the tent and merged again with the compacted crowd of people on the path to the pond. Inside the enclosed area of the shrine, the pavement was almost totally covered by people. Colour still swirled around the pool which was now concealed by a thick layer of flowers. Walking around the pool, Red still heard its melody and Philip still felt its motherly milk energy, and walking away from the shrine, Jann was aware of the ever watchful presence.

Early next morning the doonga was poled away from the bank and guided along the canal. The first two bridges were opened by people from nearby houses. But at the third bridge, the bridge to nowhere, the doonga could not pass under because the water level had risen. A new way through shallow water had to be found. Along the canal and into the Sind and across to the opposite bank of the Jhellum, the doonga moved with the current, but from then on it had to be pulled by doonga people and ashramites with a long rope from the bank.

That evening the doonga moored just inside the watergate at the edge of Srinagar. Next morning it was found that, even with the help of an extra labourer, it was impossible to pole and pull

the doonga along. So the doonga owner went down river and got his small boat and with the help of his daughter would tie the rope to a fixture on a houseboat or on the bank of the river and the people on the doonga would pull on the rope and haul the vessel slowly forward. Bridges were always times of noise, tension and shouting as the doonga had to be hauled and guided through the rushing torrent caused by the contracted space for the water to flow. There were seven bridges, including the most difficult of all — a concrete pylon of a modern bridge still under construction. The journey of a few kilometres took over nine hours.

After the doonga owner was paid to the satisfaction of everyone, the three travellers went shopping. In the street they met a man who had earlier visited them because he had heard that Philip could contact Bhagawan Ji. He had wanted something done about unspecified problems. When he met Philip in the street, he wanted to know if Bhagawan Ji had said anything.

Fortunately, a couple of days before going to Khir Bhawani, Philip's consciousness was at the top of his head, so he asked Bhagawan Ji what should be said to the man.

The answer came direct, "You give them to me."

So when they met in the street, Philip invited the man to go with him to the ashram where Philip told him the reply. The man seemed neither convinced or satisfied, but finally he said, "Perhaps there is something in it, because from two days before you went to Khir Bhawani, my spirit has been lifted."

Philip was relieved. "There you are. Bhagawan Ji has done his part — now you must do yours."

Next day Jann, Red and Philip travelled by bus to Yousmarg. The two men wandered in the forest and sat down near the torrent of the Dood Ganga amid mossy rocks and spruce trees. The day had been showery, but now small pools of sunlight speckled the floor of spruce needles. Being open to the swirling energy that danced amid the Himalayan Mountains, Red was again hearing the melody previously heard at Daksum and Khir Bhawani and Philip was reliving the universal experience of the tent meditation at Khir Bhawani.

Suddenly the experience dispersed from Philip and a single thought remained, "Find out the mantra of Maha Ragyna and offer it to all who would love the Earth." This too passed and a word remained. He met the word a month later when he was taught the mantra of Khir Bhawani.

JOURNEYS TO THREE SOURCES

Athmananda arrived from South Indian and for two days the world became a bus for the four people. Hour after hour the vehicle groaned along the narrow roads that writhed between the mountain peaks. Twice on the journey came the sound of shale crumbling and sliding down the cliff as the wheels of the bus broke the road's edge. But the trip was not really risky — only two Europeans had been killed from a public bus in the past year, although a whole busload had gone over the brink — but theirs was not a public bus.

During the journey, people aged — faces greyed and creased. Even a Swiss woman with shrunk limbs and body grew old beneath her make up and the wife of an Indian family who befriended her began to take fits.

Imprisoned in only a few postures by the cramped space and so shuddered and tossed about in these postures, the energies of bodies collected in stagnant lumps and drew consciousness into a sort of agonised paralysis. But in the night when the travellers were given respite in bug and flea infested hotels, Philip saw a tree of life that blossomed like a rose and fruited like an apple and grew on two main trunks and whose fruit hung in the form of a cross. Red enjoyed such bliss in dream meditation that he wondered why his guru had not told him that such bliss was possible.

Through the glass of the bus stood a world almost empty of vegetation. Great mountains of dust and rock groped into the cloudless sky which gave only searing radiation from the sun. Where were the saktis who could clothe the slopes with forms of love-energy? Where were humanity's guides to protect the few shepherds whose beasts grazed in the barren desert?

Two convoys of vehicles met on a part of the road too narrow for passing. It was an hour before one of them backed to wider places so that the other could pass. And all the time Earth lay in electric desolation, as if waiting for its atomic structures to spark back into their original energy as the Powers that poured creative love into the environment departed and the Consciousness that gave life and bliss departed. And Earth waited for the final silence that comes with the departure of the deep humming sound that holds atoms together.

When men cut down the forests of Ladakh they were not intentionally suicidal. They simply refused to use intelligent

control and yielded to greed. And so towers of ground remained — more like moonscape than landscape.

At the end of the bus trip in the village of Leh the four climbed a hill to the ruins of the palace. Mud plastered timber defined the places where many rooms had been. As they roamed through the ruins they met a lone Buddhist monk keeping vigil above the village. He did not leave his timelessness to greet them, but spread his silence and stillness around them as he led them down stairs to a locked door. They passed from darkness into twilight where light flowed down from above through curtains that expanded and contracted like jelly fish.

A family sat motionless on three sides of the room. The closest was Tara, blessing with her left hand and leaving her right breast exposed. Beside her in dynamic sexual embrace was Red Siva and Green Sakti. A little behind them almost hidden in shadow, Buddha sat in calmest tranquility. Dominating the group and directly opposite the entrance was Kali, alive in her beauty with her host of heads forming a harmonious halo around her. In her, time had ceased to be destroyer, but had become the circle of timelessness and her beauty was more an entrance to the bliss of eternity than to the ravages of corruption. A large Buddha sat beside her. Opposite Siva-Sakti was Shambhu standing like a shrunken Hindu Siva. Opposite Tara the monk sat, played music and then merged into the silent meditation of the other four.

Stillness swallowed them all, and each person drew from it needed insights. Athmananda was drawn into the calm of the Buddha in shadows, Jann realised the unity of great religious teachers and felt Earth's marriage with Light, Philip felt the struggle of Tara and Siva-Sakti to give fertility and life to a world which mankind was turning into a desert, and through Kali, Red sunk into transcendent timelessness. The monk spoke no English, so his experience remained secret, but at sunset his lonely form stood at the gate of the palace watching the four until they disappeared back toward the valley.

The bus retraced its journey and this time a group of police with guns sat behind the four. One of the police became delirious and began flopping over Philip who tried to pray for his healing but without success because, although he was able to contact the dark abyss of his illness, he was not able to become aware of the ever-present healing light.

When the four finally escaped from the bus, the sick policeman staggered from the bus and collapsed and lay motionless,

his eyes staring up at the sun. But the four departed from the bus to trek to Gangabal Lake which lay at the throat of Mount Harmuhk, lord of Kashmir Valley.

Through veils of cloud, Harmuhk showed his teeth of blue ice. Icy streams flowed down its head of stone. Through a night of freezing showers, Red lay alone in his small tent and crowded into another tent with Jann and Philip, Athmananda shivered with lust and cold.

To conquer death a person must die while still living, but Harmuhk's silence spoke a different message. Clouds sailed across the surface of the lakes and groped at the mountain. Athmananda was too weary to ascend to the main Gangabal Lake and only three went to the rock imprinted with a cross in a circle. Then they went to a second rock in the water, and on this rock was written "TEMPLE". To this lake people brought the ashes of the dead. Rain began to fall and Red and Jann and Philip took shelter among contorted girders and loose sheets of iron — the remains of a failed attempt to build a shelter shed.

Here the three sat and trembled under a power they could not comprehend. Death is one thing, being burnt to ash is another and the state beyond that is something else again. At death the ego begins decomposition, and those who lose their souls find it and their crossed life becomes the circle of eternity. But only Purusha, Universal Man, can survive the burning, and Gangabal only receives those who have been burnt to ashes. How few die while the body lives, but how fewer burn with earth's destruction yet are not consumed. The three sat in death and trembled in the midst of a fire that burned but gave no heat. The Lord of Kashmir Valley veiled his face to let them become ashes at his throat. But they did not.

Great Harmuhk then sat in judgement. His scrutiny slashed like the rain that roared on the scraps of iron. "If you have died, why are you not rigid with cold? If your own warmth has gone, why does not flame surround you? If flame has consumed even your resurrection, why is not Universal Man in the place of your cremation? Why is not your Universal Consciousness hidden by Eternal Fire? Will you never meet me as yourself beyond creation and destruction?" But the three had no answer. They could only say, "We will journey further and some day return."

They went back to Athmananda who maintained a small fire near the tents and next day they left Gangabal Lake.

Perhaps Lord Amarnath would speak more gently. He might even tell Jann and Athmananda to marry and unite the ancient

Dravidian and modern Aryan consciousness. The four began arrangements for a pilgrimage to Amarnath Cave.

Tej from the ashram and three medical students decided to join them. As a typical member of the Bhagawan Ji family, Tej was not only given to unselfish service, but he was fit, healthy and practical. He organised accommodation in Public Works Department houses, hired a pony and looked after everyone so well that stall holders thought that he was a paid guide.

The three Kashmiri medical students had intended to undertake a strenuous trek through the high passes in the mountains surrounding Kashmir Valley, but they changed their minds. Two taxis were hired at Srinagar to take the party to Chandanwari. The students brought 150 kulchas (bread rolls) and butter, but they left the butter on the back window of the taxi and most of it melted and disappeared. They also brought a pressure cooker, primus, various ingredients for Kashmiri cooking, a great assortment of drugs to keep themselves and the local shepherds healthy and a fishing rod to help them get extra food.

It was afternoon when the people set out from Chandanwari. Although a pony was hired to carry heavy gear, the medical students insisted on carrying their heavy packs. The result was that it took them until 9 p.m. to reach the Public Works Department's house at Sheshnag. Next day was spent beside the lake.

Sheshnag was the lake, but it was also the serpent which lived in the lake. At times people claimed to have seen a huge creature resembling the Loch Ness monster. Like all places associated with great serpents or dragons, the atmosphere was highly charged. The power of the place gave such heightened perception, that it seemed not to belong to the commonplace world at all. A folktale tells of a kind shopkeeper who daily gave lumps of sugar to the boys of his neighbourhood. One boy asked the shopkeeper for a second lump for a playmate who rode on a bull. The shopkeeper requested to be taken to the playmate, but when he arrived he saw nothing. He asked to be given the tail of the bull and in the afternoon he was dragged away. The bull-boy told the shopkeeper that it would be better to reach his destination by hiking to Sheshnag on Shivratri Day in Winter. Selling all his possessions he set out and hired guides to take him to the lake. Here he saw Siva and Parvati. He boarded a boat that they had provided for him, and he disappeared into the lake.

The Serpent was the energy that carried a person into the bliss of the intimate union of Siva and Sakti. Philip knew that first the plunge into the cleansing flood and then the rising into the life of God. So he undressed on the iceblocks on the shore of Sheshnag and in view of the three snowy peaks called Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, he bathed in the lake. Meanwhile, Red agreed to show the students how to fish and at another part of the lake he gave two demonstration casts and on the second one he caught a trout. The students were delighted, but Red was horrified. He had caught a fish in a sacred lake! The students fished for hours after that, but caught nothing. That night, the student who had scoffed at Philip for saying that Amarnath had spoken to him on his earlier visit spent the night shivering and groaning and Red almost suffocated because of the thin air.

Next day the student who scoffed was still too sick to go to Amarnath Cave. He stayed and another student stayed to tend him. The remaining six set out for Panchtarni which was reached just after lunch.

The three younger men decided to go to the Holy Cave immediately. Tej, practical as ever, said that the threatening sky indicated that the next day would be cold and wet, so common sense would dictate that everyone should go on to the cave. But the common sense of the Australians suggested that it would be better to meditate during the afternoon and go up to the cave next morning, whether it was wet or not.

Below the cave they frolicked in the water. When the three of them went into the cave, the medical student was awestruck. Athmananda experienced the ecstasy of union within himself and he interpreted the feeling to mean that he would marry Jann. For Tej, it was simply his native air. He busied himself with cracking a coconut and collecting Amarnath water to take back to his friends. In the late afternoon they returned to Panchtarni, tired but happy.

At dawn on the next day, Red, Jann and Philip began walking beneath a clear sky. Red carried a small bag of his belongings. Jann carried nothing except a coconut. Philip carried camera gear in a camera case.

The three pilgrims bathed in the stream whose water leapt down from the mountain sides near Amarnath. At the mouth of the cave they met a group of resident sadhus, but it was too early for the priests to be in the cave. The ice linga glowed in the morning light. Despite being barefoot on the frozen rock floor, Red was soon warm and felt himself being pushed upwards.

Jann broke open the coconut and poured its liquid as a pure offering at the foot of the ice linga. She had intended to pray for people and purposes, but bliss overwhelmed her whole being and she was aware of the purity of the linga flowing out to create a whole new order.

Philip sat down on the floor and, in warmth and power, intentionally thought of specific matters — but the thought must have been spaced out, because what he imagined to be a couple of minutes was over fifteen.

When Red left the cave he discovered a change in perception. On walking to the cave, he had admired the indescribably beautiful landscape, but on his return, he was the mountain scenery, or anything else that caught his attention.

That evening the group was together again at Sheshnag. Next day the trekkers walked to Pahalgam and the three medical students caught a bus back to Srinagar. The other five stayed a night in a hotel. Next day they too returned to Srinagar. Tej went home and the rest went to the Bhagawan Gopi Nath Ji Ashram.

From the tumultuous ocean of Time, Gwasha Lal Malla appeared. Again he carried a message that was fire in his soul. He quoted a Kashmiri verse and translated it into English:

“Those who have realised what Amarnath Cave is
Have shunned whatever doubts they had
Since they have realised that Siva the Alone
Has expanded to become the whole Universe.”

The currents of Gwasha's ocean had swept him, not only into the mysteries of Brahma's and human time, but into the whirlpools of creative dance that transformed the nothingness of Siva into the variety of objects that make up the Universe.

Gwasha said that Amarnath Cave was one of the greatest places of pilgrimage because it gave what the pilgrims sought — a unity between Divine Power, the person and the world around. It did this by opening the centre in the human body that was a window to that unity consciousness.

As usual, Gwasha spoke with the incoherence of a man who knows. He retold his journey to Amarnath from the beginning at Chandanwari when no attachments held him, to the intoxication in finding in himself the awakening of the topmost centre in his body. He said that the reason why Amarnath Cave was looked on as a site of both Divine Marriage and Immortality was because immortality for a person was union with Divine Consciousness

that hovered above the head. The energy of the lower part of the body united with the Consciousness above — and this union was the supreme creative bliss and immortality, a microcosm of the union of Earth with God.

Gwasha departed and the four pilgrims became pairs and then singles. Red and Athmanda left for the Rishi Kesh. Athmananda stayed there at the Sivananda Ashram. Red went on and upwards into the high mountains and further mysterious adventures. Jann and Philip remained at the ashram to celebrate Bhagawan Ji's birthday with hundreds of wandering sadhus. On the day of celebration to Guru, Srinagar was paralysed by riots and on the next day Philip left. Jann remained to go again to the spring of Khir Bhawani and journey with Tej to other sources of power not previously visited. At Amarnath Cave she had realised that her destiny was not to unite in marriage the Aryan and Dravidian consciousness. Her union was to be with the Consciousness above, and she was to be a channel for a vaster unity that would first arise from the Earth at the time of the renewing of the Dreaming in the continent called "The Timeless Land" with aboriginal people who, when they had lived tribally in perpetual pilgrimage, understood the unity of individual persons with the trinity of community, transcendence and environment.

THE DREAM AT SUNRISE

Red, Philip and Jann met again on the South Coast of New South Wales. They had left the dying Summer of India to enter a new Spring in Australia. Their tents were pitched beside a salt water lake. To the East, beyond Wallaga Lake, the Pacific Ocean churned on a beach of pale sand. To the West, ranges of hills rose to become the Great Diving Range. Dominating Wallaga Lake to the North West was Goolaga and to the South West was Mumbulla. Both of these mountains carried a host of memories from the days of Dreaming when tribal men lived in unity with themselves, with Nature and with transcendence.

From their tents, Red, Jann and Philip looked up to the brick veneer houses built along a ridge of aboriginal settlement

territory. These houses had just been completed. Older houses were clustered in other parts of the estate. Beyond the houses rose Goolaga. About 100 metres to the East on a point jutting into the lake, was an aboriginal graveyard, fenced in a way common to Australia eighty years ago. Traditionally, the bodies of dead aborigines were buried in a sitting position, facing the sunrise. This was a local custom.

Not many reminders of tribal days remained. The long disused dancing rings could just be seen above the traditional campsite. Above the rings was a small pile of rocks marking directions. Initiation and instruction in tribal lore had ceased half a century earlier.

Yet Guboo Ted Thomas was still looked upon as tribal elder by the aborigines living at the estate and for an area along the coast. The great spirit, the Ancestor, who instructed him on hill tops was Daruma and the name of his tribal sub-region was Dhurga.

Guboo Ted Thomas wielded no outward authority. The blacks were under whitemans' law. He was always available to help, to lead, but the people had long since had their land taken from them, suffered decimation through massacre and disease, and their remnant herded into a few hectares of land beside Wallaga Lake where they could finally die out. But new generations — some with white fathers — survived. Many drank alcohol to excess, because there seemed no way forward. There could be no return to tribal life, and they could only be second class citizens in white society. In the 1960s and 70s, the Australian Government began moves to grant them full rights. Yet even in 1980 they were still foreigners in their own land. In the local region, sympathetic whites living near the aboriginal estate said, "They live their life and we live ours. We get on well that way." The malignant whites called them liars and thieves.

The alienation from their land had not been sudden. For a start there were only whaling stations on the coast — outside the Dhurga area but still within Yuin tribal territory. Then came the settlers with their cattle and the massacres of blacks. Gold was discovered on Goolaga, and whites swarmed across the mountains and the aborigines ceased to visit the power sites there. But the region between Goolaga and Mumbulla was fairly safe. Much of it was declared to be state forest and the remnant of aborigines were still able to find food in it and continue their rituals. In the early part of this century the last elder of the tribal way of life, Jack Mumbulla, would sit on a granite rock that was

the peak of Mumbulla Mountain, light his fire and would look for answering fires in the forest below. From the mountain top he would make psychic contact with the tiny groups scattered below him. For the power of a tribal elder came from his contact with the Great Spirit, and his authority in the tribe depended on the outflow of love to his people. When Jack Mumbulla died, the sacred areas of his mountain ceased to be a dominant part of aboriginal ritual life, but the aborigines still looked on the mountains as theirs because its original form had not been interfered with — until the whites began putting in forestry roads without regard to the spirit tracks or power points and began to harvest the living trees. Then, on the top of the mountains, for no apparent reason, the Jack Mumbulla Dreaming rock was blasted apart and a fire spotting tower and a television tower appeared on the summit.

By this time, the Government, acting like a nation too poor to feel shame, began selling out the unique Australian forests to overseas wood chip industries. Unlike selective logging, woodchipping leaves a wilderness where once communities of wild creatures lived in beautiful forests. Mumbulla Mountain was threatened. Guboo Ted Thomas asked that, at least, a distance of 100 metres be left untouched around the main Dreaming sites. This agreement was quickly broken, and he asked the Government that the whole mountain be left alone. Logging was stopped while an anthropologist was called to check the validity of the aboriginal claim that the whole mountain was a complex of sacred sites. His report agreed. After that, negotiations began between Guboo, representatives of the Forestry Commission and the National Parks and Wildlife Service.

A few weeks before the renewing of the Dreaming camp, it became known that the Government had decided to stop any future logging on the Mountain. Soon after this a fire burnt out the dwelling and property of the whiteman who worked with Guboo on mapping the sacred landscape of the Yuin Tribe.

Then came a bushfire on Mumbulla Mountain and the forestry officer telephoned Guboo to ask his agreement that the fire brigade be allowed to take whatever steps were necessary to save the mountain. Guboo agreed. He never expected that his permission would be used as justification for a deliberate burning out of the major sacred sites on the mountain.

On the second day of the camp, about 40 black adults and children and 50 whites attended a picnic at Mumbulla Mountain.

Owing to problems in organisation, not everyone drove to the first main site where young men had once gathered to receive instruction from their elders. Around the site were rocks that stored information given to the elders by the Great Invisible Ancestor, Daruma. The site was off the road, and as the campers walked along a narrow track, they came to a burnt area around the rocks of the site. Being half a kilometre from the road, it was obviously no accidental burn. But it had not spread beyond the immediate locality of the Dreaming rocks.

After that they drove to rocks that Jann had once seen in vision. They were up a steep slope from the road. This was the place where loggers had broken their promise to Guboo and logged within 100 metres of the sacred site. Now the campers saw a chaos of eroded ground and bits of fallen timber — and a new bulldozed track that cut across the slope, about 50 metres below the rocks. The region beneath the track was unburnt and just above the track was a narrow band of unburnt grass and fern. Beyond this were the marks of a fire that quickly grew more severe as it went up the slope. It was so hot at the Dreaming site that some rocks had cracked.

Guboo could go no further than the track. He realised what had happened. "I am too ashamed to go further," he said, for he saw how his permission had been used.

Next day was a day of arid, tumultuous gales. The campers composed a letter that explained details of the burning. It was summed up, "At best the fire control was unnecessary and was done with great insensitivity, and at worst a deliberate act of vandalism." The letter was sent to newspapers.

After that, preparations were begun to go to Goolaga. Forty seven adults and children were going, most to the top but a few to a valley nestled in a fold of the mountain. It was fairly sheltered at Goolaga, but elsewhere in the district the wind smote with a fury that tore houses and caravans apart and altered the drought scarred landscape with hills of dust and stirred bushfires into activity. It seemed right that the Earth should be angry, when it first began to awake into its Dreaming.

Goolaga was a significant mountain in both prehistory and history. A book published in 1904, 'The Native Tribes of South East Australia' by Howitt, tells the following story:

"Long ago, Daramulun lived on earth with his mother, Ngallalbal." It is interesting that the Ancestor appears with a Mother. This was not usual in aboriginal mythology and

indicates the importance of the female, creative nature in this locality. "Originally the earth was bare and, like the sky, was as hard as stone. The land extended far out where the sea is now. There were no men or women, but only birds and animals and reptiles." Oral aboriginal history agrees with the Western belief that aborigines came from South East Asia during ice ages when there were more land bridges and the coastline of Eastern Australia was further to the East. The date given for the ending of the last ice age is 10,000 B.C. However, it is thought that the Murrayians, the racial group of South East Australia, first entered Australia about 36,000 B.C. during an earlier iceage. Was this the period when Daramulun arrived? "He placed trees on the earth." These were perhaps the trees that Daramulun used to prop up the sky, or perhaps they were the sacred trees of protection which aborigines retained in perpetuity by choosing a new one when old ones died. Perhaps the props and the sacred trees were the same. It is unlikely that a race of practical mystics like the aborigines would believe that there was a time when the animal kingdom existed without the vegetable kingdom. "After Koboka, the thrush, had caused a great flood on earth, which covered all the east coast country, there were no people left except some who crawled out of the water on to Mt Dromedary" (Goolaga). Was this the same great flood that destroyed Atlantis around 9500 B.C. and washed Noah on to the slopes of Mt Ararat and the tenth Manu with the sapta rishis on to a mountain above Kashmir? Like so many peoples of the world, the present age only started after a great flood for the aborigines. "Then Daramulun went up to the sky" — from the top of Goolaga according to Guboo, "where he lived and watched over the actions of men." He too was one of the guides of humanity. "It was he who first made . . . the bullroarer, the sound of which represents his voice. He told the Yüin what to do, and he gave them the laws which the old people have handed down from father to son to this time." The old wise men used to meet near a magnificent outcrop on Goolaga called "guinea", meaning that the rocks were powerful, electric and clever. Here they discussed the laws and their application to their lives, and mediated disputes. The rocks were a point of contact for the wisdom, peace and energizing power of the Ancestor and his mother.

The name of the mountain, Goolaga, meant that it was an expression of untamed natural energy that is both destructive and life enhancing. The mountain was given a different name in 1770. After leaving New Zealand, Captain Cook, the British

explorer sailed West and discovered the East Coast of Australia. The first mountain he named was Goolaga, but he called it Mount Dromedary. On 21st April he wrote in his journal, "We were abreast of a pretty high mountain laying near the shore which on account of its figure I named Mount Dromedary." To Cook the mountain looked like a camel.

Alluvial gold was found in its creeks in the 1850s and in 1877 a gold reef was found just below its summit. Gold seekers began to live on the mountain. There were about 100 living there in 1903. Now no one lives there and the mountain is part of a state forest with the actual mountain designated as a flora reserve.

This was the mountain from which the renewing of the Dreaming was proclaimed.

After reaching the summit in the late afternoon, a camping place was chosen just below the South East side to shelter from the wind. A fire was lit. A few tents were pitched, but most people simply found a small area amid the trees and scrub. During the evening there were hours of song and amusement as the flames from the fire gave a little pool of orange light to the mountain. The songs faded and some campers went into the darkness to sleep. Others stayed until the half-sized moon slid out from the sea and a few remaining watchmen stayed awake — or half awake in meditation — until they too lay down on the rocky ground and slept.

Before daylight some of the watchers awoke and because Guboo had forgotten his bullroarer, the watching campers began to make sounds of "Om" and "H'reem" to awaken the campers to the dawn of a new age. People gathered at the fire and, out of respect for the powers of nature, wore a red headband.

As a first act, the whites wandered into the bush to find something they could identify with. Then around the fire they stood to feel that their object was the guilt of their ancestors who had brutally destroyed the aborigines and their culture and plundered the land. The objects were thrown on the fire and great arms of flame groped up to the lightening sky and the flames were a forging of a union with the aboriginal ancestors. A camper, John McNally, read a poem about the Spirit in the Earth awakening to give mankind a great initiation.

In silence Guboo then led the campers to the summit of Goolaga. The people sat on rocks, many wrapped in sleeping bags and blankets against the cold. All faced the East. Out of a

silence that seemed absolute. Guboo spoke. He stood on a rock and his voice went out to the dawn. He pointed to the land below in its deep, bluish twilight, that was not sombre but a beautiful harmony and he recalled the days when aboriginal man lived in unity with the land. He spoke of the sea beyond it, and how white people came from that ocean and shed the blood of the people of unity. Above the sea lay a band of red in the sky — innocent blood shed by a people who were too high and mighty to love and cherish the Earth and its creatures. Guboo spoke without bitterness for his eyes were held by a new vision for he saw a mighty light rising up through the shed blood and this light would awaken the timeless Dreaming.

Guboo stood as the new man, an archetype of unity. He was the man of the sunrise; the man chosen by the guides of humanity to enact the return of power to the land. As the first arc of the sun rose from the horizon of the ocean, he poured dirt from his hands on to the mountain below him. From a new heaven comes a new earth. He plunged his spear into the earth so that Earth's Dreaming could come forth. The sun quickly became a white circle above the ocean. The redawning of the Earth had begun.

In the still cold sunlight, as the red faded from the sky and the deep blue of the earth below grew lighter and greener Jann gave gifts from Kashmir. It was a time of drought. Jann gave the mountain refreshment — water from the spring of Khir Bhawani and Sheshnag Lake, life giving water to a living mountain. Trees had been mercilessly cut down. Jann gave bark from the sacred tree of the forest protectress, Bhadra Kali. Rocks had been crushed in the search for gold. Jann gave white rocks from Amarnath Cave. But nothing was given from Harmuhk, even though both were alike because both stood in watchful authority over a spirit-rich valley. So after a century and a quarter of sleep, Goolaga awoke again into its Dreaming, surrounded with the fellowship of the great sites of the Himalayas. Pat McNally gave the mountain a bunch of garden flowers, a gift of love from the whiteman's world.

Then the campers shared together — chocolate from Guboo, rock sugar of Khir Bhawani from Philip.

After that was the forest journey. In the rain forest on the west side dried leaves crackled beneath the people's feet. The little streams were dry. The smell of rotting leaves and wood was absent. The walk took longer than predicted and some people grew impatient. When the south Saddle was reached

some people decided to eat breakfast immediately. So not everyone gathered around a rock set amid stones that stood as mighty beings who had once lived or were not yet born. Guboo said that the rock was special because it had been shaped in an earlier age to rest like an orb on a base. He would not accept that it had been simply worn by weathering or glacial action. He did not say if this was the rock called "guinea", the place where wise men would gather in tribal days so that the unity could remain among people. But the people placed their hands on the rock. The most sensitive felt their hands pulled, as it were, down into the rock, others felt warmth or a tingling sensation. John McNally, who was aware of no difference between himself and the mountain, felt coolness. Others felt nothing. Afterwards a man went around placing his hands on all the other rocks but found no others that gave an electric feeling.

That was the end of the gathering. All that remained was the walk down the mountain.

THE EARTH RENEWED

From the summit of Goolaga there went into the world waves of a new unity and a renewed Dreaming. A handful of traditionless whites and detribalised blacks gathered to awaken Earth. Only intuitive feelings gave the pattern of action. To have been effective it could not have been any other way. Intuition draws treasures from a person's traditionless heritage and from direct contact with the consciousness and energy of the environment. So only the consciously alienated from their traditional social values could dive deeply into the place of unity where man, environment and transcendence merge and bring to the surface of life, new patterns of awareness.

Because of the dominance of intuition, some obvious symbols were forgotten. Guboo had intended to bring his shield, his ochre and his bullroarer, but he forgot. Jann intended to bring incense but she forgot. Guboo did not remember to bring red headbands for everyone, but Pat McNally did. Sometimes intentions were overruled. Philip brought along the flag created at the Eureka Rebellion in Victoria in the last century. The plan

was to use it as a symbol of unity. But Ross Thompson, a couple of weeks before the camp, received the impulse to design a flag, and he created one from the aboriginal land rights flag and the southern cross. A small paper copy of this new flag was pinned to a tree beside the fire on Goolaga. A renewal required a new flag of unity.

But what had been renewed?

To believe in the Dreaming is to recognise that the powers and consciousness who are the reality of the natural world are still there and are linked to the eternal realm of cause.

The Dreaming is a present reality. With 120 000 generations of aboriginal ancestors, the people of the Dreaming assert that the environment is still a complex of sites where various sorts of energies appear as natural features. The sites for initiation remain throughout the world. Their power did not pass with the decline of the ancient civilisations. Sites of fertility and healing are still recognised in many parts of the globe, but wisdom sites are less well known. Because tribal aborigines have no chiefs, the wisdom sites are important. The spirits of the Dreaming are the centre of authority in the tribe and their wisdom is conveyed to three sorts of matured persons at three different sorts of places. From one is the outflow of the kind of love that can bind a social group in harmony, from another comes the supernatural power of the miracle worker and from another comes that stillness that allows the memory of complicated rituals and narrations to be mirrored in the mind.

In other parts of the environment the consciousness and energy of a person can be drained away and aborigines mark access to these places with rocks as a warning to people to keep away. In some parts of the world these sites are places of sacrifice, but not in Australia.

There are Dreaming sites for men and Dreaming sites for women. Each creature has its Dreaming site. Where unifying and harmonising energies came from the environment, people met to settle differences and find agreement. Other places are sites of protection, and on the South Coast of New South Wales, the places are specific trees.

Renewing the Dreaming is more than recognising the Earth as a living being with varied dreams spiralling out from its surface. It is also the linking again with our primitive ancestors who retain the prime truths of mankind's unity with the environment, his community and transcendence.

For at least 10,000 years the aborigines were undisturbed by other people in their great south land. Secure in the tribal boundaries given them by archetypal ancestors, they had evolved a way of life that could have endured as long as Earth itself. While the rest of the world's population perfected techniques to destroy and exploit, the aborigines developed their spiritual and mystical potential. Their destruction by brutalised whites after 1788 was a universal tragedy for it broke a continuum that had probably been intact for at least 40,000 years and kept open the memory of mankind's origins.

To renew the Dreaming is to enter again the continuum of indigenous culture and to create lifestyles in harmony with the Earth dreams of the locality. Each region of the globe has its own consciousness that must be expressed if the world is to be truly a unity. Out of touch with the barbarity of the rest of the world for 10,000 years, Australian aborigines lived in Eden. People in other lands forgot the Dreaming — but gained religion. A way of life disappeared and a way of worshipping and symbolising Reality emerged. One of the earliest religions was Saivism and its symbol, the linga in the yoni, has endured to this day. Almost every commentator on the significance of the linga tells of its phallic characteristics and associates it with fertility. A few, understanding the significance of the jewel in the lotus, find in it a symbol of joy as vast as the sky. The other obvious association — a man not only has sex but also dreams with an erect penis — is ignored, yet, it could be, that originally, the dreaming aspect was more central than either fertility or ecstasy.

The current renewal of the Dreaming is worldwide in attitude and the contribution from the south land must enrich the world consciousness. But traditional Australia lacked a world view. Some aboriginal myths acknowledged that there were lands beyond their island, but we have to look to Kashmir for a traditional vision of a whole globe alive with sacred sites.

In Kashmir, sacred spots were classified into two basic groups — sites where power predominated and sites where protective consciousness predominated. The former were called sakti, the later, bhairava. Like the South Coast aborigines, the protective sites were associated with trees. In Australia, these trees were left alone, but in Kashmir, temples were built around them. We met one near the home of Mr Zadoo.

There were eight bhairavas in the city of Srinagar. Of the eight, two had been swallowed up by Moslem mosques, and

another was under threat because of a road widening programme. A Kashmiri scholar, Handoo Sahib, said that such sites existed throughout the world. In fact, the globe was speckled with them, and their peace and protection simply radiated into the world when left alone by men. They were shields against evil and non-being. The bhairavas did not exist in isolation from each other. They were the manifestation of a single reality.

Each area of the Earth was protected by a bhairava who was a sort of totality of all the bhairavas in a locality. For example, to the east of India was the bhairava, Burt Bali, protector of the whole creation. The 100 year festival held in Bali in 1978 on the slopes of their greatest mountain contained the whole creation in its rituals. To the South East was Vital, noted for his absence of a defined morality. He was Australia's protector.

The bhairava of the Himalayas was Siva, and was often found instructing his consort. It was this bhairava who spoke about the coming of Khr Bhawani to Tulamulla. He was still a lord of a region, but because he was at the centre, he most resembled the accumulation of all bhairavas — the Lord of the Dance whose movements are the creation, maintenance and destruction of the Universe and his own appearing or obscuring.

The word "bhairava" is made up of three words:

bha — bharana — maintenance of the world
ra — ravana — withdrawal of the world
va — vama — projection of the world.

Bhairava is the Lord of the Dance. The sobering thought is that, the current sites which give out a protective influence to maintain the world could change — to either destroy or recreate the world.

No one doubts that the Earth will one day cease. Clouds of light from departing saktis could carry enlightened people beyond the planet and the bhairavas could become centres of destructive energy.

The uneven balance of saktis and bhairavas and human destructiveness could continue until destruction turns on itself and destroys masses of its human host. The role of mankind would come back into proportion again and the bhairavas would continue to maintain.

The third way is the bhagawan way. This journey is a return to the Earth, to its bhairavas and saktis. Because mankind has wounded the Earth and weakened it, they must begin to nurture it, and allow its consciousness and energy to flow freely

again. The Dreaming is thereby renewed and the Earth shudders and shakes off the evil that binds it.

The age of unity reaches its culmination, and the Earth glows in the Universe like a bride of perfect beauty. The veil is torn aside, and all creatures of the Earth share in the bliss of Universal union.

TWO JANUARYS

It is probably too late for humanity to avoid some sort of cataclysm. As the wings of destruction darken the sky we wait for the havoc that must follow. Our cities are without foundations. How can they withstand the forces of destruction that mankind itself has created? It is one thing to return to the bhairavas and saktis; it is another to eliminate from ourselves the archetypes that have brought us to the edge of the abyss.

We will look briefly at a man "who went on a journey, was weary, worn out with labour and on returning, engraved his story on stone." The man was Gilgamesh, king of Uruk. The story of his exploits is over 4½ thousand years old. It was a popular story, and over a period of two thousand years it was written down in various middle eastern languages.

Gilgamesh was the archetype of urban man. He was the primal city builder. Although his city had been founded by the seven sages, Gilgamesh was its greatest king. To make his name immortal he destroyed the giant keeper of the forests and cut down his cedars. He insulted Ishtar and refused to be her bridegroom. Ishtar was the goddess of love and the life of nature. In the astrological age of Taurus, he killed the bull of heaven, proving that he was not a victim of fate. None of these actions seem particularly epic now, because the predominant nations of the world simply walk in his footsteps. We might go so far as to say that now the world is overrun by Gilgameshes, because urban society is based on the exploitation of the forests and the other resources of this planet. It also rejects the natural powers of renewal and postulates the image of mankind, master of its own destiny.

On the morning of 26th January, 1788, the peace of the Australian forest was shattered by the sound of axes felling the trees of Sydney Cove. There was no acknowledging the spirit of the place and at the end of the day "the marines fired several volleys, between which the Governor and the officers who accompanied him drank the health of His Majesty and the Royal Family and the success of the new colony," to quote from the journal of David Collins, the Judge Advocate of the new colony.

Gilgamesh had reached Australia. First came the chopping of trees and then the commemoration of mortals. The powers of Nature were ignored. Prior to the 26th January, 1788, there had been a long sea voyage in ships from England. Most of the passengers were convicts, victims of the greed of a British middle class that was seizing rural land and herding the dispossessed into mushrooming industrial cities. About 20 convicts landed on that first day of British conquest, along with the new governor, Captain Arthur Phillip, the judge advocate and a few staff officers.

The day is still celebrated annually as "Australia Day". It used to be called Australia's birthday, until it was realised that the peaceful dwellers of the forest were in the country first, and they too were Australian citizens.

When the thirty five whites with three aborigines climbed to the summit of the first Australian mountain named by Captain Cook, they were not consciously enacting a ceremony for the beginning of a new conquest of Australia. They looked on this action as renewal — the reawakening of a Consciousness that the white settlement of Australia had suffocated. That was why the day chosen was the first day of Spring.

Yet the ceremonies were symbolic of a new beginning that was the opposite to the first white settlement. No trees were cut down, no wine drunk to commemorate mighty men. But through fire, the whites merged with the Ancestors of the indigenous people, and acknowledged the Consciousness and Energy of the Australian environment. The vision was of a new, united nation, drawing on the timeless Dreaming. The proclamation went out into the ether, and touched the souls of those who were ready to feel the first rays of a new dawn.

After the proclamation, the work had to begin. On 1st January, 1981, fifteen adults and six children gathered in a beautiful glen in the Blue Mountains to explore further their unity in and with the environment. They made a definition, "Renewing the Dreaming is the re-establishment of our innate

spiritual relationship with the Earth, using as a starting point the sources of power at selected sites. It is a movement toward reviving identity with the natural environment for the birth of a truly Australian culture."

At this work camp the tools of conquest began to be made. To walk into the glen was to find the power of welcoming peace waiting to be gathered. As people entered into a living contact with the life in each other and in the environment, love began to pervade all relationships. For some there was an opening of their inner being, and this meant an upsurge of joy as contact was made with the secret life of the place.

After the four days of the camp, five people lingered on. In the late afternoon the five climbed to a rock that stood like a sentinal above the glen. From this rock the towers of the city of Sydney could be seen to the east and to the north appeared parts of the city of the Blue Mountains. The rest was bush. Without thinking, Peter faced West, Jann South, Stephen and Luci North and Philip East. Soon some of them were aware that tranquil power was flowing through them. The energy of the Dreaming was going out from that unnamed rock at sunset to bless the world.

Ten days later a group of pioneers returned to Goolaga to find that there were obviously areas of land that had to be "cleared" before the Dreaming could be fully established again. The campsite was beside Dromedary Creek at a place where gold miners once lived. The trees were growing and the ground was consuming the refuse of four generations ago, but the memory of dreadful happenings seemed to cling to the environment and stop some people from entering the tranquility of the Dreaming. At sunset on the second day the place was cleansed.

Next day, 17th January, 1981, Guboo Ted Thomas led the party of 25 adults into the region of spectacular rocks on the saddle of Goolaga. He used his clapping sticks to inform the invisible beings that a group of people were coming to use the area for its original purpose — to discuss tribal matters — after a pause of more than 100 years. After visiting the electric rock and finding its particular vibration still apparent, the campers explored the area before returning to a sheltered area to discuss matters to do with the ongoing renewing of the Dreaming.

In the afternoon the people climbed to the summit and walked through the rain forest near its peak. The day was overcast and a cool wind blew across the top. Toward sunset, great bundles of mist would sweep across the mountain. By this

time all except twelve campers had left the summit from which the proclamation of renewal had gone forth 3½ months earlier. About half an hour before the sun sank down amid tattered clouds into the earth of Australia, Guboo directed the flow of awakened power from Goolaga to Pigeonhouse Mountain, where the next main renewing ceremony was to be held at the start of Spring, 1981.

After the ceremony, Guboo was exhausted but happy. Not only had the true view of the three main mountains in his tribal territory begun to be recognised again, but their power was being released. The three peaks in their separateness made a unity.

Now that the sacred regions of Mumbulla Mountain were saved from loggers, it could again be used for initiation. People were again using it as a place for contacting the Supreme Spirit.

Goolaga was not a sacred place like Mumbulla, but a place of raw, untamed power. It could be boisterous and frightening, and there seemed always to be a trickster quality about its expression. The mighty winds at its awakening in 1980 were somehow typical.

Pigeonhouse was the second Australian mountain named by Captain Cook. Guboo referred to it as "The Nipple" because it was a supreme site of fertility and its bosom shape was created by the Ancestor to bring sustenance to the environment.

Days of rain followed the directing of the power flow between Mumbulla, Goolaga and The Nipple. In region after region in Eastern Australia the long drought ended. It may have been coincidence, but it could have been that the Dreaming of The Nipple for an abundant land was stimulated and the dream went out to affect the sky for hundreds of kilometres around it. There are few people capable of judging how the powers of the Earth function.

What could be said with definiteness is that the reconquest of Australia has begun. On a sacred mountain, the slaughter of trees was stopped, and the veil of a dromedary and a pigeonhouse were lifted from two mountains so that their true nature could reappear.

What does an individual find when he breaks through the conditioning and limitations created by the industrial society?

"Journey to Earth's Dawning" is a true story that starts in a bush cave and travels to a new horizon where the natural world merges with Infinity. At this point of unity, whether in Bali, or Kashmir, or Australian forest, the wanderer discovers lords and powers of the Earth. He realises that a satisfying way of life can arise when people attune to them and find unity in the outflowing energies of environment, community and transcendence.

The story ends when a group of wanderers climb to the summit of a mountain and an aboriginal elder proclaims the renewing of the Dreaming that sustained the Australian environment in beauty and abundance for 40,000 years of human occupation.

TO FAIR